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CHESTERTON SURVEYS SHAW AT 70

Career of British Playwright Reviewed in Its Various Periods, With Some Pungent Comment on Changes in Views—"One of the Few Who Has Grown Up and Not Grown Down"

George Bernard Shaw will pass his threescore years and ten tomorrow. It is an appropriate time to appraise Mr. Shaw's career—up to this noteworthy milestone—and Gilbert K. Chesterton, long a contemporary of Great Britain's leading dramatist, was asked by THE NEW YORK TIMES *to do this. It was a task, it will be seen, in which he took considerable delight.*

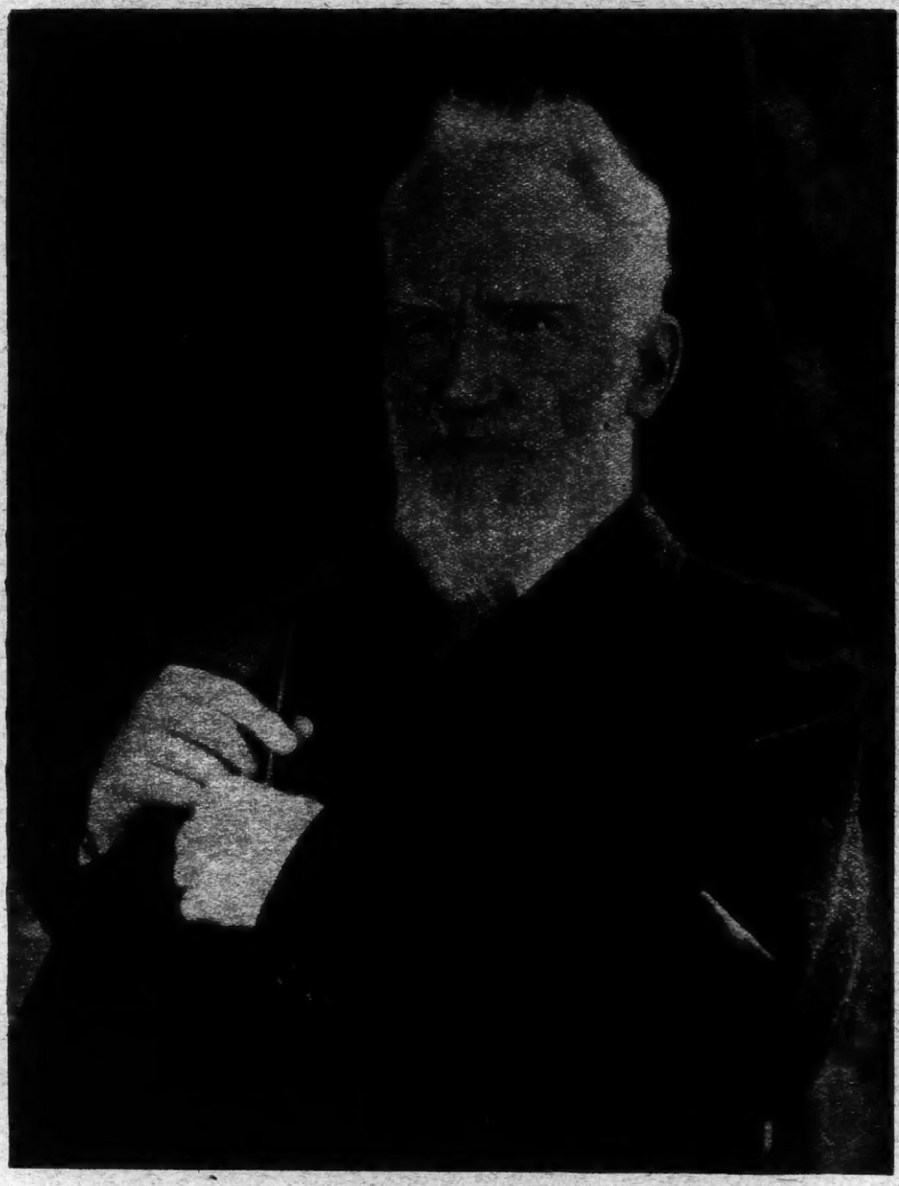
By G. K. CHESTERTON

THERE are several ways in which we may offer congratulations upon a successful career that has never sunk so low as to be directed toward success. It would be possible in a more personal fashion to offer something like a social salutation to one of the most independent of publicists, one of the most honorable of journalists, one of the most generous of foes and friends.

It would be equally possible, and it is much more usual, to utter a sort of yell of derisive admiration, like that given to a comic acrobat coming before a curtain, and to treat the publicist in question not only as an old journalist but as an old joke. It is even possible to treat him as a new joke; to talk about wit and audacity shocking Victorian decorum and make it all a sort of knockabout Punch and Judy show between Mr. Shaw and Mrs. Grundy. In short, we could regard the author of "The Philanderer" as no older than Mr. Noel Coward or Mr. Michael Arlen, because they have not got any further than he did, but are still philandering.

But to my mind, of all aspects of Shaw the least convincing is that revolt of the young Ibsenites against the old Victorians. Time has such obvious revenges in that conflict. If the Victorians were bound to give in to the Fabians, it would now follow that the Fabians are bound to give in to the Fascists. And the mere sight of an old revolutionist is as sad as that of an old stage beauty; it is their profession to be young. There remains another way of treating Shaw—to treat him as a man who has sought truth all his life and ask seriously if he has found it. It may involve nothing but criticism, but it is more of a compliment.

Bernard Shaw began from the first as a progressive; and he has certainly progressed. Only by his own original standards he has progressed backward. When he was a young atheist, assuming the truth of atheism and merely telling all the highly respectable atheists that it should be completed by socialism, he probably expected to go on to other and perhaps wilder things. But if you had told him at that moment that he would crown his career by writing a drama in honor of a Catholic saint, stating the case for the medieval Church, explaining sympathetically why people burned witches and why it was perfectly reasonable to persecute heretics, he would have been unable to believe anything so wild. It would have sounded to him like saying that he would end up by proposing that we should paint ourselves blue like ancient Britons.



George Bernard Shaw at Seventy.

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No doubt if he did have to suggest that notion, he would suggest it ingeniously; referring to the hue of heaven and comparing the quiet and delicate decorative sense of people painting themselves blue with the coarse and vulgar trick of conventional duchesses painting themselves red. Perhaps even then he might have imagined how he would do it; but he could not have imagined himself doing it. He could not have imagined himself apologizing for either woad or witchburning.

It is not a question of having reached a new stage but of having found a new direction. He was born in the nineteenth century, impatient to plunge into the twentieth; perhaps thinking (like his own Mrs. Clandon) that he knew all about the twentieth. But by a resolute and real progress he has now advanced as far as the fifteenth.

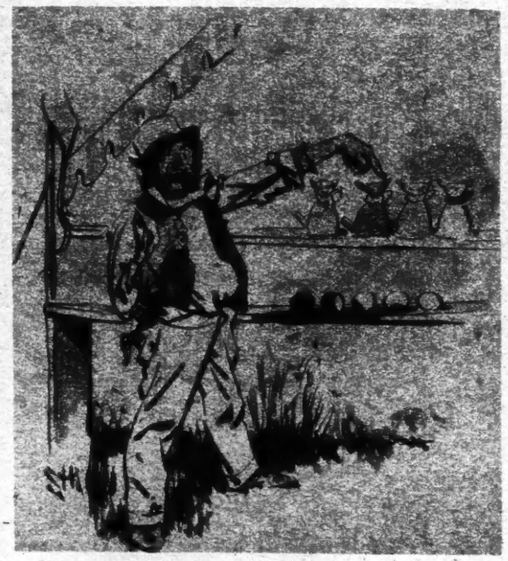
It is impossible for a man of my opinions to write honestly about a man of Mr. Shaw's opinions without pausing at this point to correct a possible mistake about my meaning. There was recently a rumor that Mr. Shaw had joined the Church of Rome. I never believed it for a moment; for I have been on that road myself and I know it is a much longer one. It is true that if that road were long enough, I think it would lead him where all roads lead. Curiously enough, he urged in "Back to Methuselah" the practical prosaic Fabian social reform that every man should live to be three hundred years old. I am pretty certain myself that if Bernard Shaw did live to be three hundred years old he would die a Catholic.

But that is a parenthesis on private matters; and I am not now talking especially about Catholics or Catholicism. When I say that he has changed, and indeed reversed the direction of his progress I mean something that can be considered apart from any such formal topic or terminology.

It would be an ungracious way of putting it to say that he has spent the first half of his life in running away from a religion and the second half in running after one. It would be much truer to say that he has spent the first half in unwinding a rope of convention or tradition and getting free from it; and the second half in looking for a rope (not necessarily the same rope) which should be strong enough to bind together again the bundle of life. In that sense he has done first one thing and then the opposite; and has been undoing what he had done. But he was not necessarily wrong in this, or even inconsistent. It depends on knowing the ropes—or the religions.

He first became fashionable as a Socialist because he was so very extreme and exasperating an individualist. He was especially an individualist when he was an Ibsenite; or at least when he followed what he himself called "The Quintessence of Ibsenism." The argument was that the individualist must not be an idealist. That is, the individual person must judge by the individual occasion, without reference to any generalized ideal. What was interesting about Shaw's position was that he really applied this all around to what were called rational ideals as well as religious or reactionary ideals. He made fun of the scientist's ideal of truth, of the lover's ideal of love, of the sportsman's ideal of sport. As he answered the cry "Is there justice in heaven?" by saying somewhere, "No; but there is justice in hell" (meaning that the ideal was an idol), so he might very well have replied to the expression, "There is honor among thieves," with the comment, "and chiefly among thieves."

I am now noting and not criticizing this opportunist position. It was perhaps a transition rather than a (*Continued on Page* 21)



"The Voice of the Barker Is Heard in the Land."

MILLIONS OF DIMES PASS TO THE GRIFTER'S HAND

His Voice Is Heard at the Summer Amusement Parks and He Has Many Devices to Fleece the Unwary

By EDWARD H. SMITH

IT is full Summer and the voice of the barker is heard in the land. Our ancient friend, the concessionaire, has set up his stands in hundreds of amusement parks across the country and his hoarse exhortings are on every wind as he summons the unwary to try his happy and glamourous devices. When Fall comes he will have slid into his bottomless pockets some millions of dollars in the dimes of the gullible and the gay. We have all fallen victims to his blandishments. The question is: How does he do it?

Before we attempt to explore this mystery, a word about these gentle brigands and their interesting paternity. The man who runs a game or trick at a carnival, on the circus lot or in a Summer park is known in his own world by the generic term of grifter, obviously derived from grafter, since the thing this gentleman does, whether it be tossing the cards at monte or conducting a quite impeccably honest prize wheel, is referred to interchangeably as his grift or his graft. Undoubtedly this descriptive title was adopted a good many years ago to apply to shell-game, monte, green-goods and other men of that stripe who followed circuses about. The argot changes meanings and application as customs and institutions are modified.

The assistant, confederate or plugger of the grifter is called shillaber, oftener abbreviated to shill. A gambler would refer to a man performing the same functions as a capper. His chief function is to lure the unsuspecting into spending their dimes with his master, the grifter, and the tricks by which he accomplishes this end are endless. Where he got his name is something of a mystery. Some pretend that it is from the same root as shilly-shally, an absurd contention. Others assert that it came from the actual patronymic of an early practitioner of the art.

Joints of Various Kinds

The booth or tent or building in which the grifter and the shillaber ply their bithe vocations is referred to as a joint. If the game being played is something laid out on a board or table, the whole is referred to as a flat joint. Others are wheel joints, ball joints and the like. In grifter language a game which is dishonest or "raw" is called a strong joint and one that is honest and straight a square joint. Mention of the latter recalls the often-quoted inverted pun of the amusement park world:

"The only square joint in the park was the merry-go-round."

Nearly all the better amusement parks now watch their concessionaires (the polite term for grifters) with an atrabilious and suspicious eye. Gambling has been almost wholly eliminated, except for small prizes, such as dolls, Indian baskets and boxes of candy. There is now little danger that any visitor to a reputable Summer park will be "trimmed." Still, all the subtler and more ridiculous forms of grifter dodges, all the white trickeries, if one may devise a term, persist and add to the grifter bankroll and the gayety of amusement seekers.

In most parks today the percentage game is in the ascendant, replacing the older trick games beloved of the true grifter. A typical percentage joint is the balloon-blowing booth. There are usually twelve balloon wheels and the visitor pays 15 cents for the privilege of turning the wheel which inflates his little rubber bag. Eleven others compete against him and the player whose balloon bursts first wins the prize. There is no deception or trick about it and some one wins each time the thing is played. But—twelve wheels at 15 cents each yield $1.80 to the concessionaire, whereas the prize costs about 30 cents.

The other type of game—dependent also on percentage or the law of averages—is made adventurous by various subtle tricks. That is to say, the mechanism by which the game is played is crooked in the sense in which a roulette wheel may be filled with guile. These little arrangements by which the player is befooled are referred to by the grifter as squeezes or gimmicks. A game so tricked is said to be squeesed or gimmicked.

The former term applies expressly to prize wheels and other circular and revolving games, and it takes its origin from the fact that these devices are usually tricked by means of a braking or squeesing device which permits the grifter, by the pressure of his toe, his knee or his body, to stop the wheel when he likes, with the indicator on a number that yields naught to the player.

One of the oldest and most popular park and carnival games to which tricks are applied is hoopla. The grifter has a booth in which a number of fine-looking canes, umbrellas or other objects are to be won by tossing rings or hoops over them. The player gets whatever he rings. Ordinary curtain rings or the little hoops used by women in embroidering are the things tossed.

Mr. Jones, strolling in the park with his chosen flapper, pauses and sees how easy is this game. The lady desires the near-platinum wrist watch suspended from one of the targets that must be ringed. Accordingly, Mr. Jones buys some hoops and begins to toss. They look quite large enough to go over the target, but to his mortification they don't. At last, having spent ten times more than he intended in the vain quest of the watch, he is about to desist.

Up steps the shillaber, who has been one of the little crowd of onlookers. He is dressed like all the rest. He pulls out a battered purse, which evokes a smile from the "loose-change city fellers," extracts a thin dime and is handed three rings by the grifter. No one notices that the grifter gives this player rings somewhat larger and perhaps a little heavier than those dealt to Mr. Jones.

The shillaber now stations himself, asks a few boobish questions and throws his ring awkwardly. The first one misses by a mile and the crowd guffaws. The second comes closer. The third one lands, full and fair, upon the target holding the pearl-handled revolver. It is handed over and pocketed by the grinning shill. Urged by the grifter, who seems downcast and anxious to get at least a few more dimes from this lucky yokel in return for his fine prize, the shill digs into his purse for another dime and gets three more winning rings. This time he wins a gold-headed cane and a watch. He buys a third dime's worth of rings and wins nothing, but he has got three prizes for 30 cents, and he promptly walks away with his gains.

Mr. Jones, Puzzled, Retreats

The demonstration has been convincing. Mr. Jones buys another half-dollar's worth of dimes and goes after the wrist watch hammer and tongs. He spends $1, $2, $5. But win he does not, and he retreats at last in bad order, puzzled and humiliated. Others who have seen the shillaber at work have been smiling contemptuously at the inept Jones, and when he goes they take up the rings and play their dimes away in wild abandon. When they have all retired, the shillaber returns through the rear of the booth and his prizes go back on the rack to lure other and fresher suckers, as the grifter condescendingly terms his guests.

Another popular form of game is called huckery buck or huckely buck. This term describes the various types of play whose object is to get a tossed ball to stay inside a bucket, can or box. The typical target looks like a small wooden water bucket, shallow and narrow. It is ordinarily set on the ground seven or eight feet from the player, who reaches out his arm as far as he can and tries to toss the ball the remaining five or six feet in such a way that it will not bounce out of the bucket.

The trick here is an ancient one. The gimmicked bucket contains a spring bottom, controlled by a rod or wire passing underground or behind the stand, if the bucket is elevated, and connecting with a hidden lever which the grifter or his confederate manipulates with foot, knee or body. When the sucker plays the spring is in place and the ball inevitably bounces out again.

The modern way to play this game and many others of its general type is to make the crowd do its own "shilling." The grifter simply waits till he gets a small boy, an old woman or a pretty girl in the front rank of the crowd. After the usual clever-fellow players have vainly tried to beat the game, the grifter invites the boy or the girl to play. He depresses the lever that withdraws the spring under the bucket's false bottom, and the chosen player wins an armful of prizes, thereby putting the laugh on the "wise suckers" and encouraging others to play—and lose.

Most Deceptive Cats

The old cat rack is scarcely less well known and its gimmick is even simpler. From three to ten figures of cats, made of cloth and stuffed with cotton or excelsior, stand about forty feet from the shelf where the grifter and the player are placed. For 10 cents the sucker gets from three to five baseballs and is told to knock the cats off the rack or bench. If he succeeds in knocking off one he gets an extra throw. Two cats win a cigar, and three a box of candy. The trick lies in the structure, weighting and placing of the cats. The cat figures are heavily leaded, so that they are extremely hard to knock over and, even when thrown prone, seldom fall off the rack or bench, a requirement of winning. It takes a swiftly thrown ball, striking the cat figure somewhat below the middle, to do the trick.

When the shillaber comes up to play, the grifter goes to his bench of cats, talking glibly all the while, and sets all the cats back an inch or more, so that they stand much nearer the rear edge of the bench or rack. He does this under the guise

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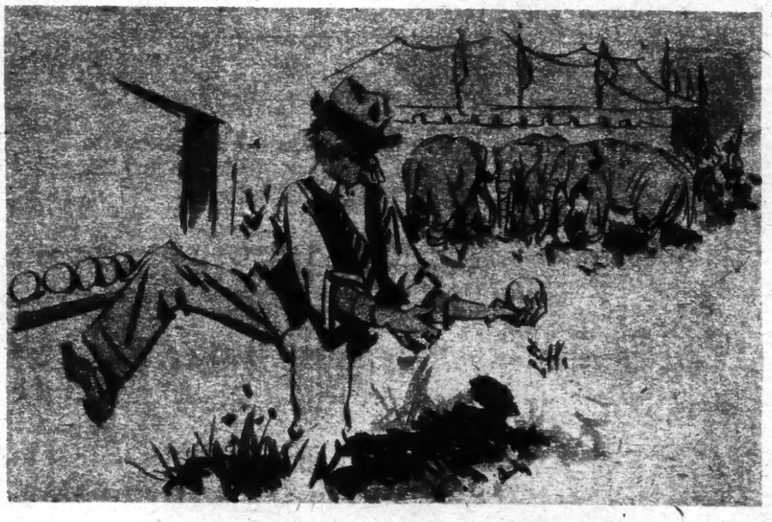
"The Grifter Simply Waits for a Small Boy."



"For 10 Cents the Sucker Gets From Three to Five Baseballs."

'UPTOWN WALL STREET' GROWS WEALTHY

New Financial District Scattered Around the Grand Central Is Proud of Its Expanding Business, But the Towering Money Centre of the Western World Holds Its Prestige Downtown

An Airplane View of "Uptown Wall Street" Whose Base Is the Rapidly Developing Territory Extending From Thirty-fourth Street to Fifty-ninth Street and From Grand Central Station to Pennsylvania Station.

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By ALVIN MELAND

TRAFFIC, the redoubtable tyrant whose dictatorship over New York has now apparently become absolute, has lately had the temerity to play tricks on Wall Street itself.

The great financial district of lower Manhattan, which has gloried for a hundred years in a constantly rising tide of rents and real estate prices, is now complaining that space in its skyscrapers is no longer at a premium and that the development of an "uptown Wall Street" has resulted in keen competition among downtown office buildings to obtain tenants. Indeed, the owners of the Equitable Building, one of the largest and most important structures in the Wall Street district, have recently pleaded that the Supreme Court review and reduce its tax assessment on these grounds.

Although the phrase "uptown Wall Street" is a rank misnomer, the facts of the situation apparently warrant the complaint of the lower city, for modern office and banking space is selling and renting in the vicinity of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street as fast as it can be built at prices higher than those which obtain for a similar location in the Wall Street section. A new chapter is being written to the amazing building record of the city.

Providence, having gradually dumped millions of people on one little spot and leased the ground to destiny, has apparently, for 300 years, smiled at the northward march of building and the lateral spread of population over the metropolitan district. Now traffic, the double-faced Janus who can smile with one set of features while he frowns with the other, has apparently wrested control from both of them. His smile raises real estate prices, while his frown raises hob with everything else.

A stroll about the district between Thirty-fourth Street on the south, the neighborhood of Pennsylvania Station on the west, Fifty-ninth Street on the north, and the environs of Grand Central Terminal on the east offers convincing evidence that an extraordinary development is in progress. Right in the centre one finds that the National City Bank has taken over the old Manhattan Hotel to house a midtown office. The Bankers Trust Company has erected a building of its own at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street. Down the avenue at Forty-first Street the many-terraced skyscraper of the Farmers Loan and Trust Company is just completed.

Skyscrapers Increase

Up the avenue a few steps one finds a branch of the Guaranty Trust Company in the building forsaken by Louis Sherry. Across the avenue Delmonico's has been wrecked to make room for a thirty-two-story structure. Most of the new structures in the vicinity, including the Murray Hill Building on Madison Avenue and Fortieth Street and the newly enlarged Harriman Building, were rented before they were finished.

Eight other new banking and office buildings, including the Graybor Building on the west side of Lexington Avenue between Forty-third and Forty-fourth Streets, which will be the largest office building in the world, are under construction within a few blocks of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street.

Five more, not yet started, will probably soon figure in the development. Temple Emanu-El, on the northeast corner of Forty-third Street and Fifth Avenue, has been sold and will be replaced by a modern building. It is generally understood that the Murray Hill Hotel on Park Avenue, one of the district's oldest hostelries, is soon to bow out from the scene to make room for a new building.

The development of Wall Street's "little brother" followed the building of the Grand Central and Pennsylvania Stations, which stimulated the uptown movement of retail business from Fourteenth and Twenty-third Streets. Theatres and hotels multiplied, great department stores chose strategic corners, and there were built merchandising towers that were the sales-centres of business of national scope. Banking and brokerage houses saw the section's need for branch facilities, for there was accumulated daily immense sums of cash that required local custodians nearer than Wall Street's vaults. Night banking for hotels, theatres, and railroads started, and in the course of time the "uptown crowd" became a factor in Stock Exchange business, sometimes dominating market action.

Today every important general banking house in the downtown financial district with but one or two exceptions has an office in the new "uptown Wall Street." So important have many of these offshoots become that they no longer call themselves branches. They are "offices" of the bank which fathered them, and, like grown sons, they are almost "on their own." The deposits in the uptown offices of the Guaranty Trust Company, the Bankers Trust Company and others of their class range from $50,000,000 to $80,000,000. Twenty years ago, before consolidations became the fashion, an institution with deposits of $75,000,000 would have been well to the forefront among the banks of the country. Certainly these uptown "branches" have ground for a defense of their preference to be known as uptown "offices."

Banks Vie in Service

Every one of them boasts of its ability to give any service to its clients which they could obtain at the parent bank downtown. When this boast is made it includes among the services the extension of credit, the most delicate function of any bank. As a rule the officer in charge of the midtown branches has sufficient discretionary power to meet all the emergencies that arise in this connection.

These things being true, it is less difficult to understand why enthusiasts in the district are beginning to misname it the "uptown Wall Street." Large investors lived near midtown but far from Wall Street. Why should they battle the subway crowds when elbowing the sidewalk mobs uptown is so much more interesting and so much less confining? "For space, comfort and economy bank in the uptown Wall Street" might well be the slogan of the uptown bankers, and they might mention their proximity to stations, hotels and shops for the information of out-of-town clients.

Although the heads of the uptown offices are enthusiastic over their successes and the volume of their business, which apparently has taken a notion to double itself every few years, they do not care to shout about it. They explain quietly that their banks are growing fast, feeding in the rich eddy formed by the crossing of the city's most important population currents. The drift of affairs is toward the midtown district, they explain, and they are on hand to do their part.

To hear the neighborhood extolled in bullish fashion one may turn from the bankers to the realtors. They declare that the general growth of the section during the past ten years has far exceeded the expectations of the most far-seeing realty operators. They describe the development as the greatest in the history of the city. They hint of a magic future for the district, but seem inclined to understate their rosy hopes for fear that predictions may seem ridiculous.

Pinned down to facts, they offer them. They point to the changing skyline of the city; to the district's remarkable level of rents and prices, ordinarily a trustworthy index of prosperity; to the 25 per cent. increase of motor traffic in the midtown district for the past year; to the influx of the offices of industrial and manufacturing companies and the northward move of great mercantile houses and their satellites. Any merchant, whether of locomotives or calico, they contend, can

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VAST TREASURE LIES IN 'GOD'S DUMP HEAP'

Both Canada and Newfoundland Seek The Right to Develop the Rich Wilderness of Labrador

By VARICK FRISSELL

TITLE to "God's Dump Heap," or, as Labrador has also been called, "Land of Caen," is being contested before the Privy Council of Great Britain by the Dominion of Canada and the Colony of Newfoundland. Newfoundland claims part of this wilderness interior of Labrador, while the Province of Quebec labels the country, on its maps, "Upper Quebec."

The stake at issue is power and iron and possibly white gold. McLean or Grand Falls, on the Hamilton River, is a cataract rivaled only, on this continent, by Niagara, and has potential electricity producing power equal to Niagara's.

Here is one of the last frontiers of civilization; beyond it in all the centuries, few white man have passed. A land where the Indian beating his final retreat still holds sway, the Labrador Peninsula is one of the last great wildernesses in North America. Bounded on the west by Hudson and James Bays, on the north by Hudson's Strait and the North Atlantic, on the east by the Strait of Belle Isle, on the south by the St. Lawrence and Quebec, this great territory contains 520,000 square miles.

Whisperings of Treasure

Sailing far "down north" in the shadow of the Torngats, whose ragged peaks rise higher than the mountains of Norway, one early mariner waved his hand at those granite barriers and remarked: "God made the world in five days, Labrador on the sixth, and spent the seventh throwing stones at it." Soon another sailor summarized his visit with the quaint statement: "Labrador was discovered by the English. It contains nothing whatsoever of value." By these and similar accounts the world learned, as far back as the sixteenth century, to regard Labrador as a useless country, and this impression has prevailed ever since.

But now and then a breath from the Lost Peninsula has carried whisperings of treasure and riches catching, for a moment, the attention of mankind. Sometimes an excited trader would come home with news of golden bullets fired by an angry native into the spars and hull of his vessel. Before long it was a common rumor that the Nascaupee and Mountaineer Indians of the hinterland ruled a kingdom of gold.

Ignoring the history of the name, a few found it easy to translate "Labrador" into "Arm of Gold." Finding the interior impossible to invade, a few solitary prospectors searched the coast and, of course, found nothing. Nevertheless, the way for a gold rush had been paved, and in 1923 the press everywhere was full of another Klondike. The new Klondike was Stag Bay in Labrador, where several hundred prospectors bought up stakes as fast as they were offered by a certain real estate agent.

But it was soon discovered that an agent, not benevolent Nature, had scattered gold dust in the soil and fired nuggets into the rock with a six-shooter. Stag Bay, the "boom town," vanished into thin air. One or two of the prospectors, having spent all their money, could not return home and are to this day seeking the precious metal.

Rumors of Labrador's wealth have not always ended so disastrously. Long before 1923 men began searching for a treasure other than gold, and met with some success. Trading with the only inhabitants of the hinterland, the Hudson Bay Company has in its quiet way reaped for more than a hundred years rich harvests of fur. To Fort Chimo, Rupert House, Seven Islands and other posts of the old company come every Summer the Nascaupee and mountaineers of the interior laden with fox, otter and beaver skins. Then after a month of celebration they paddle back up the great rivers with canoeloads of flour, ammunition, traps and provisions.

Labrador's Greatest Asset

More than this, it is to an employe of the Hudson Bay Company that credit goes for inconspicuously revealing in 1839 what today may well be called Labrador's greatest treasure. John McLean, at that time chief factor at Fort Chimo, received orders to establish outposts in the hinterland where the Indian could more easily be met. To carry out this commission McLean journeyed inland to the head waters of the Hamilton, where he discovered the mighty cataract.

With the power of a titan, Grand or McLean Falls had thundered for ages, lost in the wilderness, and for another eighty years it was destined to be little more than a legend. Even today any man who cares to make the difficult journey will find at the foot of a blazed tree on the left bank of the falls a bottle in which he may read the names of the small handful of white men who have ever been there. When the visitor is ready to depart he may descend to the Atlantic, to the St. Lawrence or to Hudson Bay, all being about equally distant.

Indeed, travel in the interior became so arduous that the "Old Company" soon abandoned McLean's inland posts, and the Labrador wilderness again slept practically undisturbed for more than half a century. But in 1898 a few people noticed with surprise that the Parliament at Ottawa had passed a law shoving the boundary of Quebec northward across the peninsula past Grand Falls and leaving Newfoundland barely a strip of coast along the North Atlantic. Newfoundland did not complain, for to her the Labrador hinterland was still the old "Land of Cain." If she could have rights on the coast for her fishermen who sailed "down north" every Summer, she was satisfied. Not until the beginning of the new century did she ask for more.

But what had wakened this sudden interest in Canada, changing her official attitude? No doubt she found much that concerned her in the report of explorations conducted by A. P. Low from 1892 to 1895 in "New Quebec," hitherto known as the Labrador Peninsula. Low confirmed McLean's discovery and called the enormous waterpower of Grand Falls to the attention of the director of the Geological Survey of Canada. Furthermore, he told of huge deposits of magnetite and hematite so rich in manganese that they were well suited for the manufacture of steel by the Bessemer process. He had not actually found gold, but had seen formations where more careful investigation might readily reveal it.

The Claims by Newfoundland

When the wealth of the Labrador Peninsula became more widely known Newfoundland renewed her claim to a large part of the interior. Ever since, the two colonies have waged hot dispute and even today no boundary has been settled. At the present moment the matter rests for decision with the Privy Council in London, where the most distinguished lawyers from Quebec and Newfoundland will present their cases next October.

Newfoundland claims the whole northeastern watershed north of the fifty-second parallel and east of a line drawn north from Blanc Sablon. Canada does not admit this claim, but will contend that the most New-

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America's Second Niagara—Grand or McLean Falls. Only a Few White Men Have Seen These Falls.

Looking Up Bodoin Canyon to Where Grand Falls Storms Into the Gorge at a Right Angle.

The Take-Off, Before the Downward Rush. It Was Only Recently That the First Photographs of the Falls Were Taken.

GEORG BRANDES FEARS EUROPE IS LOST

Veteran Critic Is, at 85, Profoundly Pessimistic—He Pronounces Nationalism Humanity's Worst Foe

By CLAIR PRICE.

COPENHAGEN.

BESIDE a door on the third floor of an apartment house at Strandboulevarden 27 there is an inconspicuous brass plate bearing the name of Brandes. This is the same Brandes to whom Clemenceau, early in the war, addressed his famous letter, "Good-bye, Brandes." The man who lives in that modest third floor apartment is a European who has outlived Europe.

Hovering above the handiwork of the Clemenceaus, he is the all-but-forgotten legend of the "good European." It is his tragedy (and ours) that the Europe of whose ideas he was a dominating and challenging critic for fifty years hardly exists today. It has been obscured by a patchwork of hostile nationalities that resort more readily to arms than to ideas.

"Europe!" he exclaimed the other day. "Does the idea of Europe still exist? We have a European civilization in the sciences, but it is questionable whether we have a European culture. Knowledge is no longer regarded as supreme. Stupid and insipid things are praised today. The nations dislike one another. Classes, political parties, religious denominations distrust one another. Justice remains an ideal. The peace palace at The Hague remains empty and desolate. The demon that rules us is the World War and its consequences.

"Nationalism has brought us to this. The very names on the map, which ought, surely, to be above change, are being wrenched away. Christiania is changed to Oslo—a name a Frenchman cannot even pronounce. And Petersburg—what do they call it now? Will Europe, as such, be salvaged for posterity?" He drooped to the semblance of a tired, worn-out old man. "Let us hope so."

Old Fire Undimmed.

Thus Georg Brandes today. He is not an easy man to report, for, like the European he is, he thinks and speaks in the major languages of his Continent, slipping constantly from one tongue into another, his words tumbling from him in a torrent of French, German, English. Brandes is in his eighty-fifth year. His white hair is a little thinner than it used to be, but it still arches back from his broad forehead in two streams. A mustache droops thinly from each end of his upper lip, and there is a little tuft on his chin. The wrinkles are more numerous than they used to be. But the old fire is still undimmed.

In the working of his eyebrows as he talks, in the strong play of his mouth as pouring ideas take form, in the leap and thrust of his arms, most of all in the sudden drive of his right arm and long forefinger as an elusive name is captured and bursts from him in an explosion of eagerness—in all these there is the peculiar genius of a man who has spent fifty years fighting for intellectual freedom.

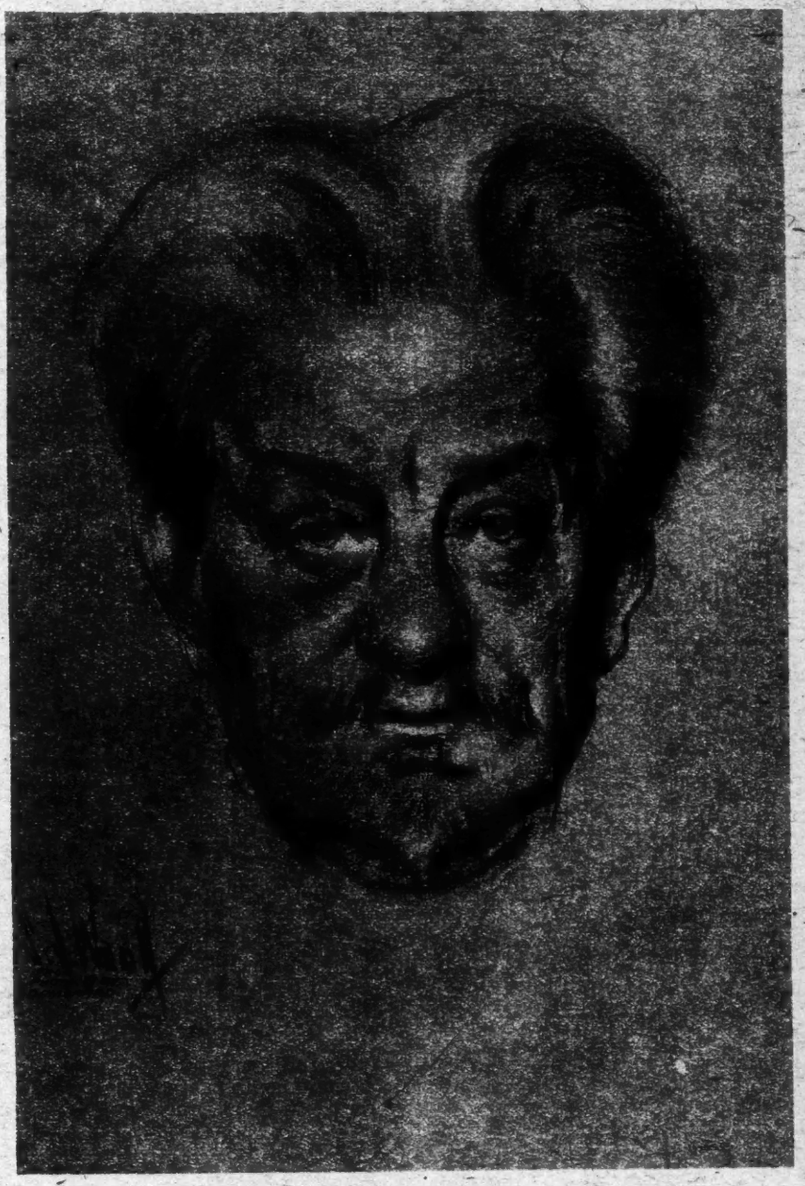
He was encased in the sombre dress of the period from which he survives: the black tie, the black morning coat, the round cuffs. It is in his study, and only there, that the picture of him is complete; for it is in the international world of ideas that he has become the perfect embodiment of the Nietzschean ideal of the "good European." Sitting the other day surrounded by four walls of books, beside a table piled high with books, in front of a desk littered with books and magazines still in their wrappers, his visitor could all but hear the distant whirl of printing presses in every corner of Europe, the faint and far-away sound of hundreds of publishers issuing thousands of books with millions of pages, most of them uncut. Yet uncut pages do not long remain uncut in Georg Brandes's study. Such is the restless energy of the man that he keeps abreast of the ceaseless flood of literature from all Europe. Frontiers would suffocate such a man.

He seized his visitor's arm and led him to the table piled high with French, German, Norwegian, Swedish, Danish, Italian, Russian, English volumes. "Fifty-nine came to me by the first post this morning—the first post only." He led his visitor to the tall, crowded shelves along the walls. Great names dropped into the talk—Freud, Poincaré, Shaw ("He is always so fresh and young, I cannot forget that he is a vegetarian"), Ibsen, Briand, Nietzsche, Romain Rolland, Wells ("He produces too much, too much"), Tolstoy, Kropotkin, Jaan Jaures.

Before a section filled from floor to ceiling with his host's own books the visitor insisted upon stopping. There it was, fifty years' output of history, literature and criticism. There were the six volumes of his "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature"; the works on Holberg, Lord Beaconsfield, Shakespeare, Ibsen, Goethe, Lassalle, Voltaire, Caesar, Poland, Russia, the World War; the memoirs and poems. While his host fulminated against the awful crimes of unauthorized translators, the visitor contemplated the prodigious output of the man who revealed Ibsen, Bjornson, Strindberg, Holberg and Andersen to the outside world; who revealed Taine, Schopenhauer and John Stuart Mill to his native Scandinavia—and, as a result, went into exile in Berlin.

It is difficult to imagine a more congenial home for a "good European" than Copenhagen. Tolerant, happily skeptical, freed from illusions, sparkling with healthy satire, this "Paris of the North" is indeed a happy vantage point for an interpreter of international values. Yet, beneath its scintillating surface, there exists to this day in Copenhagen a resentment against Georg Brandes. It was a generation of elderly jingoes that once made the Danish capital too uncomfortable for him to live in. It is a new generation of young jingoes, a generation peculiar to this riven nationalistic Europe, that warns foreign visitors today that Georg Brandes is not to be accepted as a representative Dane.

It is rare enough for a critic to become known outside his own country; still more rarely does a critic achieve a European reputation. It is almost unbelievable that a Dane, writing in his purely local tongue, should have become the greatest critic since Taine. Yet, to some Danes, there is a suggestion of something slightly satanic in the two streams of white hair that arch back from Georg Brandes's forehead; something mandarinlike and foreign in the tufts of thin white hair at the ends of his upper lip. Men who will not compromise are never popular, not even in Copenhagen. And it may even be that "good Europeans" are no longer wanted in Europe.



Georg Brandes.

He motioned his visitor to a chair and sat down himself at his desk. We were secure against interruption, for nowadays he receives few callers. A hundred letters and many books pour into his study daily, keeping him in touch with the thought of all the world; but the curiosity seekers who throng to his third floor apartment find his door locked.

"I could do nothing with them. They stole my books, they stole anything they could get for souvenirs. One Minister of Education stole the very pen off my desk. It was worth only fourpence, but I have written him twice asking him to return it to me, and have not had even the courtesy of a reply. I have had to lock my door and keep it locked."

Men do not come to Georg Brandes today in search of food for an easy optimism. A European who has outlived Europe, an internationalist who has seen the ground drop from beneath his feet, Brandes, in his eighty-fifth year, is profoundly pessimistic.

"Nationalism characterizes our present age," he said. "The nations have fallen into the stupid habit of praising themselves. Almost every nation thinks itself the first in the world. This love of self, this habit of praising one's self, has spread from Europe to the United States. Nationalism has taken root in the United States, although, with the exception of Switzerland, no country in the world would seem to be less national in its composition. Its population has been recruited from countries of widely varying types. But by barring its doors to immigration, the United States has turned nationalist.

"The result of nationalism is a nervousness that stifles legitimate criticism. The political life of England and of the United States has always been so strong that foreign criticism has never seemed to touch it; but in Continental Europe the nervousness that existed before the war has been increased beyond belief. The Germans and the French have always been nervous in the face of foreign criticism. Since the war the French and the Poles especially have suffered through their desire for foreign admiration. France and Poland have gone so far as to suspect as enemies foreigners who have failed to yield them the admiration they demand. Lovers and admirers of both these nations today do not dare express their opinions for fear of being misunderstood.

Europe Turns to Dictators.

"In these circumstances, the prospect of world peace has practically disappeared. The political ideals of freedom for the peoples, as expressed during the nineteenth century, are forgotten. We have political dictatorships in the south of Europe and in Russia. Tolstoy, Gandhi and Romain Rolland have all been attracted by the prospect of world peace." He flung out his arms in a gesture of heartbroken defeat.

"The twentieth century has been a century of illusions. Europe entered it devoted to illusions. Our most famous men everywhere believed what they wanted to believe. Herbert Spencer in England spread the doctrine that the instincts of humanity would produce world peace at will. Dostoievsky in Russia preached the doctrine of patience, while Tolstoy and Kropotkin announced the belief in the essential goodness of humanity. The peoples themselves had gone further. Good-will had been preached throughout Europe and America. As far as the masses of the peoples were concerned, all nations were peaceloving, even in 1914. To be dangerous, it was sufficient for them merely to be patriotic. Patriotism and world peace do not agree."

Thus Georg Brandes, in his eighty-fifth year. The courage of the fighter for intellectual freedom, the clear unbending logic of the internationalist, are easy to convey; but no printed page can convey the great veteran's fire, the animation of his talk, the zest and discrimination with which his words are uttered—now spurring him to a vigor of gesture that seems at times almost an agony, now dropping him into attitudes of physical and mental exhaustion.

"The future is dark," he added, in weak, tired tones. "The next war will hardly take place in Europe. Europe! Does the idea of Europe ever occur to anybody today?"

NEW FISHES JOIN THE AQUARIUM FAMILY

This Is the Recruiting Season For One of New York's Most Popular Shows

Pork Fish and Eel Swim Together.

Photos by the New York Zoological Society.

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THIS is the recruiting season for one of the greatest shows in New York City, a show witnessed annually by some 2,000,000 persons. The show still runs while new members of its cast are being assembled, and on some days as many as 20,000 persons crowd in to see it, for at no other place are the actors displayed to better advantage.

Twice a week throughout the Summer is the cast augmented, when a collecting boat leaves the New York Aquarium and brings back several hundred live additions to the tanks. Owing to this year's cold Spring the Aquarium's annual replenishment began late, and probably the fish exploring trips will continue until November.

Most of the fish come from local North Atlantic waters and are found fairly near shore; the boat does not go beyond the twenty-five-mile limit. Some are obtained from other localities, and a good deal of exchanging goes on. Along the New Jersey coast many fish are purchased from seine fishermen. The Aquarium also sends its agents to lakes, where they gather fresh-water specimens. These are brought back to New York in tanks, which are equipped with hand pumps so that the captives may be well supplied with oxygen.

Alterations are now being made in the Aquarium, and this necessarily cuts down the attendance somewhat. Last year 1,703,193 persons visited the aquatic citizens, whereas in the past the average yearly attendance was 2,000,000. When the alterations are completed the old yearly average will doubtless be exceeded.

People show an increasingly keen and critical interest in the many varieties of swimmers. Of course, there are sightseers who merely shout when they enter, and stand with open-mouthed amazement before the tanks containing the biggest fish. A good many, on the other hand, display a genuine desire to learn more about fish life.

The writer found Miss Ida M. Mellen of the Aquarium staff ready to answer all her questions. She sat at a desk in her office overlooking Battery Park. Before her stood a miniature aquarium containing several water plants and two baby catfish—"kittens," she calls them. Miss Mellen was just concluding a telephone conversation. "Yes, fingerlings is the name applied after they have passed the fry stage," she explained to the inquirer. "First it is the embryo, then fry, then fingerling."

One seeking to penetrate the mysteries of the Aquarium learns that a fish census is taken once each year, in December. "We have from 200 to 250 species," Miss Mellen explained, "and an average of about 4,000 specimens. One of our most frequent 'exchanges' is with the Detroit Aquarium. They send us inland specimens, such as mud fish and the like, while we send them specimens from our North Atlantic waters. We have just made an exchange with Detroit."

"Isn't it hard to transport fish from one place to another?"

"Yes, it is," Miss Mellen replied. "It takes vigilant attendants. The fish must be watched constantly, and on a long journey the men take turns sleeping and watching. Some of our people go down to Key West every Summer and bring back brilliant tropical fish. We have about a thousand of these, representing eighty-three species. San Francisco is going to try to send us some of the Hawaiian species this Fall."

The Queen Trigger Fish.

Miss Mellen was asked if she ever sat up all night with a sick fish, as one will do with a sick animal of which one has grown fond. It was recalled that she advised, in her book about fish, against sentimentality; but theories and practice do not always coincide.

Fish Life Is Uncertain

"I stick strictly to my theories," she said. "At least nowadays. There was a time when I would let myself suffer when a fish was sick, but not any more. I can see my most prized fish die now without a pang. Fish life is so uncertain. One must be adamant.

"We always have a night watchman on duty, and our fish are at all hours under careful observation. But I don't let any fish worry me any more. A few years ago lightning struck one of our upper tanks, shattering the glass and throwing fifty-two fish to the floor. The watchman seized a bucket, filled it with water, and saved all but two of the inhabitants of the tank."

An attendant came to the door and spoke to her. "The axolotls are sick, Miss Mellen," he said.

We went to see the sick axolotls, which had been nibbled at by a parasitic plant that is one of the deadliest enemies of captive fish. Miss Mellen asked that the patients be brought to her office. She wanted to give them what might be called a little "home care."

The goldfish were sick, too. Their dorsal fins were very limp, and their tails looked bedraggled and listless.

The Seahorse Attracts Many.

A listless fish tail can be quite a pathetic sight.

Much of the medical knowledge applied to humans must similarly be applied to fish life. Baby fish are likely to catch gill fever, which is a cold of the lungs; or older fish may eat too much, and in consequence get indigestion. Children do not object to castor oil any more strenuously than do fish—which, however, must submit. When castor oil is the order of the day, they are held and made to swallow it.

Sometimes operations are performed. Forceps are used. Fish dropsy can be relieved by operation, and many other maladies cured. Miss Mellen hopes some day to be able to perform an operation on a fish's tumor. She recently diagnosed such a case, but it was not an Aquarium fish and she would not operate. One slight operation is the amputation of a fish's scale, so that the age of the fish may be determined.

But fish are quite safe, so far as their ages are concerned. The usual way of telling the age of a fish is by counting the number of rings on the ear stones or otoliths; and in order to obtain this information the fish must be dead. A fish can be reasonably sure of keeping its age secret until it no longer cares.

Few of the larger fish breed in captivity, but the smaller ones will. Sometimes they drop their eggs and eat them. The yellow perch has fertile eggs, but not often. In fish family circles it is the male who cares for the young, if there is any caring done. Now and then a female may be permitted to assist in the upbringing of the young, but the male is the true head of the house. The male sea catfish carries the eggs in his mouth until they hatch, fasting for the whole period.

The fish that had just arrived from Key West were weary after their long journey. You could tell by their dejected manner. The hawksbill turtles, from which tortoise-shell is made, were baffled by the panes of glass in their tank. It seemed a pity they couldn't close their eyes and rest. No fish boasts eyelids. The ocean sunfish comes nearest to it, with a fold over each eye, and the rainbow darters are reputed to be able to wink, though one hesitates to accept such a bit of gossip about a fish without having seen the actual winking done.

An amazing variety of life goes on under the water. Only a few of the specimens find their way to the Aquarium; but these are beautiful, odd and interesting. There are members of the angelfish family, with their wing-like fins and bad dispositions. They were named angelichthys, or angelfish, by two Americans, Dr. David Starr Jordan and Dr. B. W. Evermann; and their demonish behavior is a constant reproach to those professors who gave them so heavenly a cognomen.

Nationalistic Fish

There were the turtles, all by themselves—for turtles will eat fishes' tails and fish in turn will nibble at the salamanders' fingers. There seems very little true internationalism in fish life.

The Aquarium has albino brook trout that were raised in Michigan. Fish have, at best, few ways of protecting themselves, and an albino is more than ordinarily handicapped, since it cannot see the enemy, while it is, still, particularly visible to the enemy. The surgeon, or doctorfish, is better equipped for life's struggle. On each side of its tail there is a spinal knife, which can be struck out. This is a very serviceable weapon.

The crayfish, the mud puppy, the blue-nosed sunfish, the quinnat salmon (the latter raised in the Aquarium's own hatchery), the carpenter frogs, the queen trigger fish, the southern or spiny lobster and the spiny boxfish, the gray grunt, the white grunt and the butterfly fish all were on exhibition.

There, too, was the henna-colored soapfish, so named because of the great amount of slime it gives off. There was the hogfish, with its beautiful blue and gold coloring as compensation for so brutally plain a name. The giant hermit crabs were about, too, with their odd-shaped shells. This creature has to change houses as he grows and any old shell will do for him so long as he can get within it.

The glassy-eyed trunkfish were moving lazily, yet tirelessly. The porcupine fish looked decidedly bored and the cowfish (it has appropriate

(Continued on Page 21)

The Four-Eyed Fish, With Coral Background.

The Native Quarter of Tangier Remains Mysteriously Exclusive.

TANGIER IS THE WORLD'S NO MAN'S LAND

This Picturesque City Across the Straits From Gibraltar Continues to Be a Seething Nest of Spies

By HAROLD NORMAN DENNY
TANGIER.

YOU have your apéritif at the Café Central if you are anybody at all in Tangier. Its fly-infested tables, ranged along the side of the Petit Soko, provide the one real meeting place and gossip exchange for the motley and cosmopolitan little world that inhabits this international city—this farthest western metropolis of the Orient and one of the busiest centres of intrigue on earth.

Every one here is either a spy, paid or voluntary, of some Government or interest concerned in Moroccan affairs, or is being spied upon. Probably the majority of the spies are volunteers, enthusiastic amateurs who get a great thrill out of slinking and whispering about, imagining that they are playing vital rôles in international diplomacy. They give a certain comic-opera air to the place.

For instance, you are placidly sipping a vermouth when an ill-dressed, shifty-eyed man sidles in through the door, slips into a chair at a near-by table, calls for a beer and a writing portfolio, peers stealthily about the room to see that he is not observed (thereby drawing the eyes of every one in the room) and hastily scribbles a letter. He blots the letter carefully, seals it and performs a William Gillette exit. He has hardly gone when a pale, gangling, nervous youth strolls in, trying to appear casual. He seats himself at the table his accomplice has just vacated, tears the blotting paper from the portfolio and hurries off to read the message in a mirror.

Private Spys for Tourists

Why these two conspirators did not exchange their world-shaking information by word of mouth in the street, nobody knows. Probably because that would be too simple and they would not feel they were real spies.

If you come to Tangier for anything more than the ordinary tourist visit, the probabilities are you will acquire a private spy of your own, assigned to follow you about, eavesdrop on your conversations and report your actions and intentions to the French or Spanish authorities. Far from being annoying, these spies are entirely gentle and harmless and add measurably to one's amusement.

I was introduced in person to my spy the second evening after my arrival, and in time we became good friends. He was a near-sighted young man who spoke English badly, understood it even worse and was always appearing at the next table or in a neighboring doorway. At night, as I prowled the dimly lighted winding alleys of the Moorish quarter, it was always a comfort to know that he was patiently following. It gave me a feeling of security. He would not let me be murdered, for then he would automatically have lost his job

The poor fellow was wretchedly paid and often obviously in financial distress, although he never asked me for money. One evening after we had become well acquainted I gave him 20 francs, told him to have a good dinner on me and be sure to be back at the café at 10 o'clock. He departed solemnly and returned promptly on the minute. To show his gratitude he leaned over and whispered mysteriously: "I'll tell you something for your own good. You're being watched. Keep this confidential."

With all its amusing features, the spy industry of Tangier has some excuse for being. While Abd-el Krim was still a power, it was at the tables of the Café Central that many of the deals for the shipment of contraband arms were made, and there were always Riffian agents about with considerable openness because of the neutral character of this gateway to Morocco.

Because of its position here on the Strait of Gibraltar, within sight of the European shore, this African city always has been a place of intrigue. And now, even with Abd-el Krim gone, the spies are as busy as before. Probably in the Stone Age the low-browed men whose skeletons have been found here used to crouch on the hillside where the Café Central now stands and glower across the strait at their rivals lurking in the caves of Gibraltar. Modern habitués concern themselves with the Spanish efforts to have Tangier incorporated in the Spanish zone—a question that threatens to put Tangier once more in the centre of an international situation.

The Hercules Legend

Tangier was the Tingis of the old Roman Empire—the capital of Mauretania Tingitania—and before that was an important port of the Carthaginians. Its founding is ascribed in mythology to Hercules, who named it after his wife, Tinga, the widow of Antaeus, whom Hercules slew. It was Hercules who, according to legend, hewed out the present Strait of Gibraltar by smiting with his sword the land bridge connecting Europe and Africa and leaving standing the two Pillars of Hercules: Gibraltar and the equally imposing Djebel Mousa.

A dozen peoples have conquered Tangier since the breakdown of the Roman Empire and for centuries pirate ships used to fare forth from its little harbor to prey on the commerce of the world. Once the Vandals swept down from the north and occupied it. Then the Byzantines rescued it and restored to it a measure of civilization. Arabs and Christians alternately held it for years, each change in proprietorship usually being celebrated by a general massacre.

In the eighth century a chieftain named Tarif embarked from Tangier with 500 men and made a foray against the Spanish coast opposite. Tarif established himself on the southernmost point of Spain and built a town that still bears the name of Tarifa; its white walls can be seen shining across the waters from the veranda of one's hotel in Tangier. The inhabitants of Tarifa found that their position at the gateway of the Mediterranean gave them an exceptionally good opportunity to make a living without working. They established a compulsory toll system, sending out their corsairs to hold up and exact tribute from all ships passing through the Straits.

A Doorway of Tangier.

It was from Tangier, too, after Tangier had been firmly established as a capital of Barbary by succeeding Arab invasions, that the Moslem army embarked on its conquest of Spain and its invasion of Southern France. Later, as the Moorish tide ebbed back into Northern Africa, European nations established a foothold in Tangier; but that brought no diminution of turmoil and bloodshed.

First Portugal owned the city, then Spain, then Portugal again. After that the city fell to England. The Moors and Berbers fought tooth and nail, however, and the struggle to hold the city cost England so ruinously, both in men and money, that Charles II was forced to relinquish it, in 1684, after blowing up the fortifications and leveling the mole. A few years later the English took Gibraltar from the Spanish, and ever since have dominated the Strait.

The first Moroccan agreement by European powers was signed in London by the French and British Governments in 1904. Under its terms France waived any interests she might have in Egypt and England recognized France's primary interests in Morocco, setting forth, however, that Spain should become a party to this agreement because of her possessions on the Mediterranean Coast and because of the proximity of Morocco to the Spanish mainland. France and Spain signed a secret agreement in Paris, giving Spain control of the entire Northern part of Morocco. France technically remained in control of all Morocco.

Crises Come and Go

Tangier again became the scene of an international crisis in 1905, when Kaiser Wilhelm made a swashbuckling visit to the city as a result of the division of Morocco between France and Spain. It has since been disclosed, in private letters of the Kaiser, that he was in a state of grave fear at the time of his visit. The port is a difficult one in which to make a landing. Besides, it was deemed necessary for the Kaiser to ride through the city on a horse, since it would not have suited his imperial dignity—which that day had to be at its most impressive—to walk.

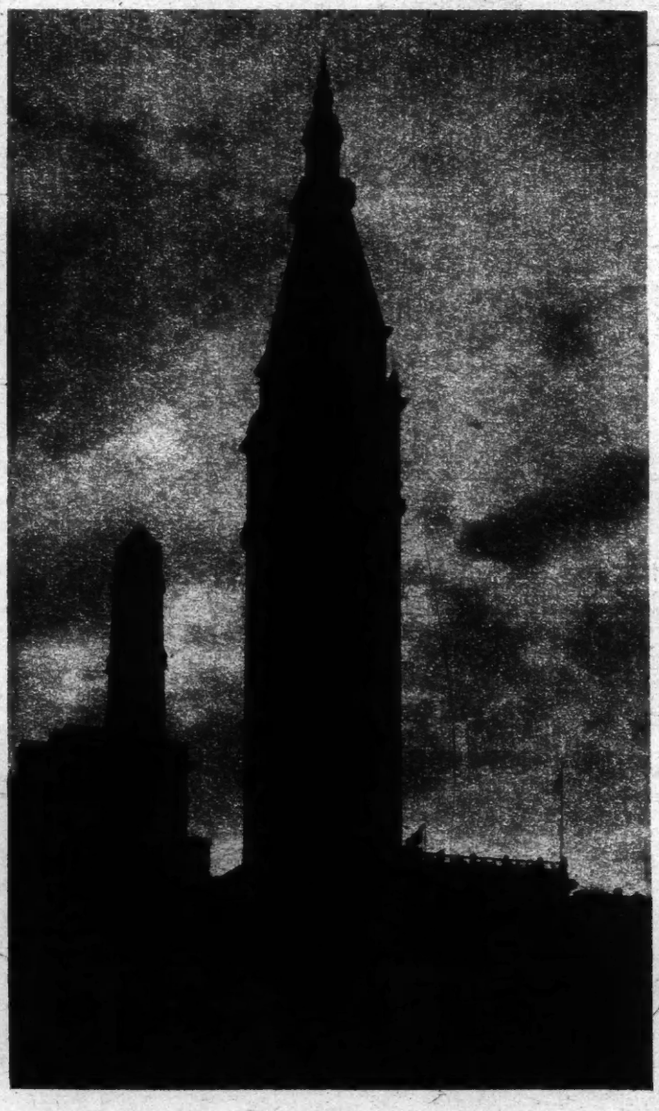
Elaborate instructions were given in advance as to the kind of horse required. It should be a horse worthy in appearance of the monarch who was to ride it, but because of the Kaiser's crippled hand, which made him an insecure rider, it must be a horse sufficiently gentle. All was arranged, and the Kaiser, if still with fear in his heart, made a triumphant entry and unequivocally declared Germany's position on Morocco. Germany, he said, did not intend to allow the breaking up of the Cherifian Empire, and proposed to support the Sultan's authority.

This at once brought a crisis between France and Germany, which might well have precipitated war. The danger was averted in 1906,

(Continued on Page 22)

THE CHARM OF NEW YORK IS PICTURED

Governor Smith, Chauncey M. Depew, Charlie Chaplin, John Sloan and Others Describe the Elusive, Fascinating and Commonplace Things That Give Life and Character to the City



The Metropolitan Tower Silhouetted Against the Early Morning Sky.

By MILDRED ADAMS

WHAT are the notable sights of New York? The question has been raised by the "Boost New York Committee" and, at the moment when the visitors are coming for their annual pilgrimage to the metropolis, it has a special pertinence.

The average New Yorker, so the committee suggests, does not really know his city. It is an old criticism, and perhaps its age is its best recommendation. O. Henry used to make it almost every time the city inspired a story. Joseph Pennell rasped it at readers just before his recent death. Mayor Walker has just appointed a committee of 472 citizens whose sole duty it is to get acquainted with the place. Scratch almost any New Yorker and you will find a man who thinks that no one really knows the town but him.

The things there are to be known about New York fill innumerable books, from the little red guides one buys at subway stations to important tomes in the most exclusive bookshops. Facts, statistics and history, one may read pounds of them and yet miss the elusive thing that makes for character. Not buildings, nor monuments, nor traffic congestion, but the fascinated affection of her citizens, is the secret of this metropolis. And the objects of this affection are the important things to know. Gathered together, they would make such a guide as has never been seen, an index to the enthusiasms of a people for the place which they have made, and which in turn is making them.

Here is the beginning of such a guide. Here are the things that ten men know and love about New York. Some of them are famous and some unknown. All of them are skilled in the city's ways. Governor and megaphone man, movie star and immigrant, they gave alert attention to the question, "What should the visitor see in the city?" Governor Smith answered first—a typical New Yorker if ever there was one. Coney Island and the Bronx Zoo came foremost. "Coney Island," he said, unhesitatingly, "is the greatest sight in the world." Half a million people, babies and children and grown-ups, playing and laughing, free for a happy moment from pavements and crowded buildings and the crash and grind of a working day.

Governor Smith's Favorite

The Bronx Zoo is Governor Smith's never-ending joy. Before "spare time" vanished from his calendar, he spent hours watching the animals, going from seals to tigers and tapirs, delighting in their ways and learning their habits. For the same reason he loves the American Museum of Natural History.

The City Hall, with its lovely rooms and its long history, the Sub-Treasury, where Washington took the oath of office as President in 1789, and Brooklyn Bridge, he named for their beauty and their associations. The bridge is a symbol, a reminder of the restlessness that seized Manhattan in the '80s, of the growing pains that made the city reach out for more and more space and welded into Greater New York what had been separate communities.

He spoke of the Woolworth Building as a fine piece of modern architecture to look up at, and as a wonderful aerie to look down from. Below it, the city has almost the appearance of a ship at sea, borne up on great waters.

The Stock Exchange he called a concrete expression of New York's position as centre of the world's commerce, and he ended his list with the art treasures of the Metropolitan Museum.

If Governor Smith is typical of this New York age, Chauncey M. Depew as truly represents a different group and another day. He was watching the growth of the city with mature eyes when "Al" Smith was playing marbles on Oliver Street. Wise and benevolent, he greeted the question with the skilled silence of a great corporation's counsel, and then began exactly where the Governor had ended.

"The Metropolitan Museum," he said, "compares favorably with any in Europe and is destined, in the very near future, with the new income it will derive from recent gifts, to become the greatest in the world."

It might as well be admitted right now that if this were a prize contest for popularity, the Metropolitan would win it hands down, even over Coney. Sometimes dutifully—more often enthusiastically—it was included by almost every one.

Mr. Depew agreed with the Governor about the American Museum of Natural History and also named the Museum of the American Indian. Prospect Park he loves, and Riverside is "a perpetual delight to one who studies it."

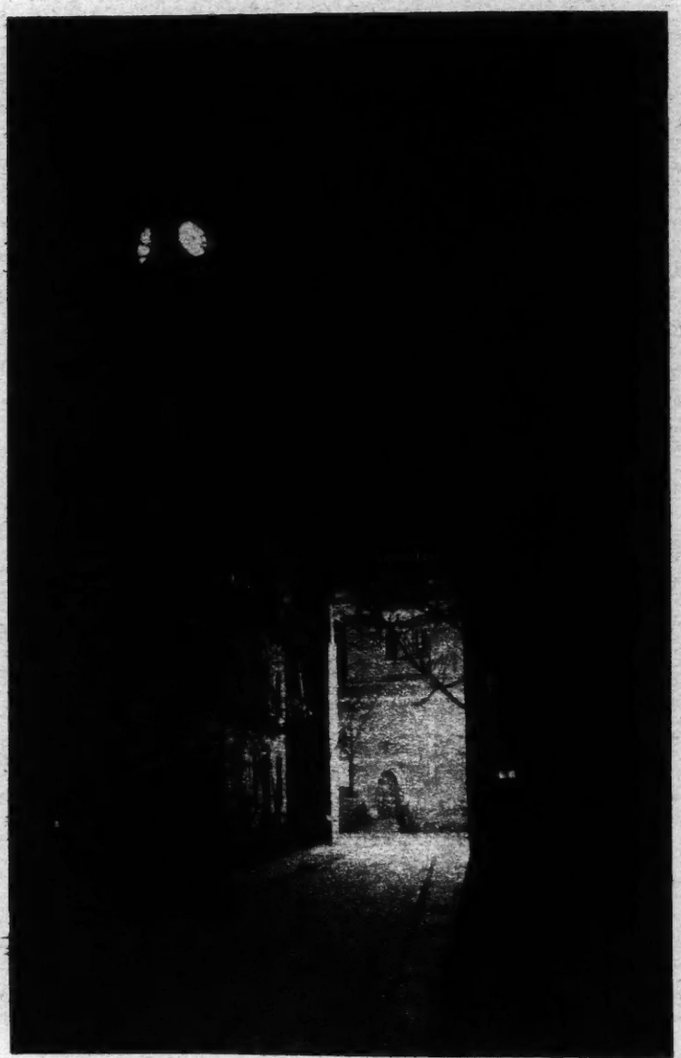
A bit of the young Chauncey Depew, social favorite and brilliant guest, flashed in his eyes as he spoke of the plays of New York. "The movie houses, the theatres and the Metropolitan Opera House," he said, "present attractions and amusements greater than those in any other city in the United States."

Then he returned to serious things, characterized the Public Library as "worthy of this greatest city in the world," and went on to say that "if a visitor to New York wants to study anything, he will find facilities and opportunities here larger and more comprehensive than exist anywhere else."

Truly a Marvel

Education reminded him of charities, both private and public. "New York," he said, with the finality of a peroration, "is the most charitable city in the world. Its charities are admirably organized, its hospital system a marvel of efficiency and excellence."

There is more than efficiency and excellence. Mirzy, an Armenian from Beirut, pale, slender, bent with a secret burden, had a warmer word.—"Friendly," he calls New York. He came here twenty years ago, knowing no one. His business was the stringing of beads. Today he is an expert on jade, amber and precious stones, though he has no store, but wanders through the town with things for sale to people who wish to buy. In eager fragments of English he glowed over his two passions in New York, the Public Library, where he delves into Arabic manuscripts in the Oriental room,



The Dials of Jefferson Market Court Look Through the Night to Patchin Place.

Pictures on This Page Copyrighted by Jessie Tarbox Beals.

and "the friendly people, if a man try to be nice, be good."

Much of the city's official friendliness is in the hands of Albert Goldman, Commissioner of Plant and Structures. He has a staggering list of city property under his care, from bridges to welcoming tugboats. High up in the Municipal Building he pondered over the relative merits of hospitals and asylums and ended by grouping them all as "representative of the great charitable heart of New York."

He agreed with Mr. Depew about the beauty of Riverside Drive, lumped all the museums, lingered over the churches and the Aquarium, and insisted that there was nothing more lovely than the skyline.

But his pet places are the neighborhoods. Born in Yorkville and living in the Bronx, he has watched the smaller units grow, touch edges with their neighbors and be welded into one great city while they still keep their own characteristics.

Professor L. W. Crawford is an expert in friendliness of another kind. For many years he has arranged the tours which Columbia University offers to the students which throng its Summer campus. He has weeded and pruned his list of attractions, counting the students who chose this trip and that, trying to balance the things one ought to see with the things one wants to see.

He begins, as a matter of course, with two great museums. Morningside Heights, with the scaffolded Cathedral of St. John the Divine, the close-set buildings of Columbia and the Doric and Ionic peculiarities of Grant's Tomb would fill a morning. And in the afternoon one might rest tired feet on the broad deck of the boat that circles Manhattan, watching the city's solid towers become the shifting shadows of a dream in the sunset's gold.

Contrasting City Scenes

The lower east side, with its bewildering nationalities, mysterious Chinatown, where slant-eyed clerks prove the figures of the most modern cash register by a rapid thumbing of a worn abacus; Ellis Island, across which all immigrants come, would fill a vivid day. Or one might voyage down the harbor to bronze-green Liberty, lunching first at Fraunces Tavern with the ghost of Washington's Generals, and calling on the frock-coated penguins at the Aquarium.

Professor Crawford agrees with the Governor about the Bronx Zoo and adds the Botanical Gardens for good measure. He suggests that one return by way of the Jumel Mansion—Washington's headquarters in September of 1776—stately with antiques, haunted by the hoop-skirted shade of Betty Bowen and echoing to the ghostly laughter of her gallant husbands, of whom the last was Aaron Burr.

Wall Street one must surely see, the sturdy old Sub-Treasury of Revolutionary days, and Trinity Church, with its romantic churchyard, and, at the end of a varied week, Coney Island by boat.

No institutions except the perennial Metropolitan Museum appeal to John Sloan, Artist, critic, President of the Independents, and painter of the city in many moods, you may see him, almost any evening, wandering among the more picturesque streets. Always an individualist, he recommends this ancient way of getting around.

An Inspiring Picture

"Toward evening walk across the old Brooklyn Bridge," he says. "Look at New York against a flaming sunset. It is lovely and inspiring and threatening.

"Wander on Broadway at night, from Thirty-fourth to Fifty-ninth Street, look and wonder at the glittering shell, enter nowhere, or the spell is broken. Ride a Fifth Avenue coach to Washington Square in the late afternoon, or after dark. The bus stops across from Romany Marie's Tavern. Step in and you may find there a few of the people around whom the realtors have built Greenwich Village.

"On Wednesday and Saturday morning stroll through the street markets in the Italian quarter, or on First Avenue at Nineteenth Street, or on Ninth Avenue at Fiftieth. Second Avenue, any night, from Fourteenth Street south, is an eye-opener, and you should stop to see St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, the most beautiful of old New York churches. If you want a bit of medieval architecture, there is the Jefferson Market Court House and Jail. Near that is Bleecker Street, the Fifth Avenue of the '50s, teeming with life Saturday night, a boulevard in Bohemia, with Bohemians scarce."

Since 1922 the Sage Foundation has been making a survey of New York and the surrounding districts. Thomas Adams is its director. His office perches high above the last elevator stop in a building guarded by a pair of the loveliest doors in town. A familiar of the great cities of the world and an expert in their ways, with New York spread below his windows, and its maps covering his walls, he talked of the aspects that fascinated him.

"I think I should name as the first and most interesting thing," he said, carefully, his eyes considering the great map in front of him, "the effect given by the massing of high buildings on this narrow peninsula. It produces a peculiar, artistic quality which is identical with the American spirit, and at the same time"—here he became the practical scientist—"it gives rise to problems particularly acute.

"Some of those problems are being handled by the zoning ordinances. The results of zoning on individual buildings and on the architectural improvement of the city as a whole are most striking. New York is unusually fortunate in that these legal restrictions have had the effect of creating unique and most interesting types of architecture."

He pondered for a moment, then continued, deliberately: "Visitors must surely be fascinated by the exciting character of the White Way and the theatre centre. There is a close concentration of places of amusement, unlike anything I know in other cities.

"Then there is the development of the high-class trading centre around Fifth Avenue. Its researches into design and color, its use of artistic ability of high order, is giving a cultural significance to trading that is nation-wide in its influence."

He was talking not in terms of jewels and pictures but of dress and housefurnishings, and that intangible thing, the standard of living; of Fifth Avenue handing on artistic fashions that make for prettier bobs and bungalows in Fort Worth.

The great increase in apartment-house life for the well-to-do he pronounces a phenomenon belonging only to Manhattan. With the wealth and the art that are concentrated here, there should ordinarily be a great increase in individual dwellings. But land is strictly limited, and so even the wealthy must live in glorified cubbyholes.

Waterways Add Charm

He calls attention to the growth of a civic spirit which thinks in terms of the city as a whole, and shows itself in tangible ways, such as the willingness of citizens to assume taxes to extend "what is rapidly becoming one of the most extraordinary park systems in the world."

He says that the waterways surrounding the city are "among its most remarkable features. No great city in the world is so split up by such large stretches of water into so many parts. It makes for unique methods of transport and for using water as other cities use land. Yet much of your magnificent waterfront is neglected, not only from an esthetic point of view, but speaking practically."

His eyes wandered from the map to the jumbled roofs and the shining bands of water beyond. "The natural beauty of New York is absolutely unsurpassed," he said, slowly. "I have never approached a city so beautiful, either by land in the early morning, along the banks of the Hudson, Summer or Winter, or by water up the bay toward the Battery. City planners say that one of the most important features of a city is its entrance. If this be true, then New York is doubly fortunate, for she has two of the most magnificent portals in the world.

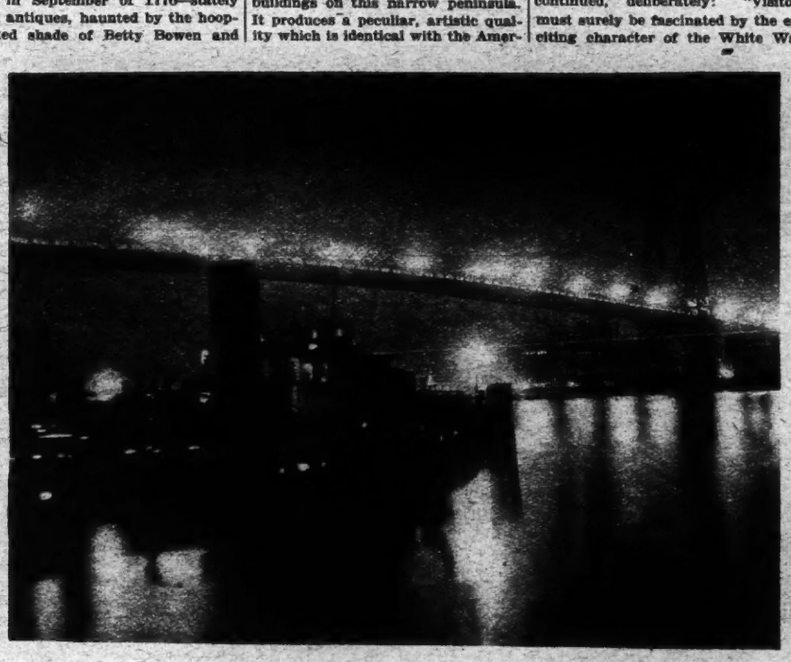
"Of course, you understand"—his voice was brisk and practical again—"that everything I have said is conditioned by New York's peculiar size. Greater London has half a million less people in the same area than has Greater New York. This is the largest centre of urban population ever accumulated in the history of the world. If I were asked for a single most significant thing about the city, I should be forced to answer, its unique size."

It seems only fair that after such grave prescriptions, all for the sake of travelers, visitors themselves would have a chance at advising. Of the thousands that come, Winter, Fall, Spring and Summer, two men are almost adopted sons, so well do they know and love the city. One of them is so famous that his passage along Broadway becomes a triumphal procession. The other's words are even more popular than his face.

Charlie Chaplin sent a breathless telegram from Hollywood, sounding more homesick than the local Chamber of Commerce would have approved. He refused to give advice to anybody, visitor or resident, but exclaimed in one unpunctuated sentence (commas added by request), "What I like to do on my too infrequent vacations in New York, away from work and worry, is to make a haunt of the Ritz, to visit the slums and the Ghetto, to walk on Fifth Avenue, to make a haunt of the Montmartre, to eat wheat cakes at the Childs Restaurant at Broadway and Forty-second Street, to visit the Metropolitan Museum, to frequent the Coffee House Club, to walk on Broadway"—and again those ghostly desires—"to haunt the Russian Eagle

(Continued on Page 19)

Broadway at Sunset.



The City's River Scenes Have Their Magic—The Williamsburg Bridge at Night.

Pictures on This Page by Courtesy of the New York Edison Company.

SUMNER FINDS WORLD GROWING BETTER

Vice Suppression Leader Opposes Censorship and Believes The Present Laws Are Sufficient to Curb Moral Laxity

By GEORGE McADAM

ON a side street of the lower west side there is a row of old-fashioned brownstone-front houses, an architectural survival amid tenement buildings of New York middle-class respectability of the Victorian era. In one of these houses in what used to be the "back parlor," sits a man reading. Almost any time you drop in you will find him there in a swivel-chair, reading.

He is a stern-visaged man. If you could take the liberty of clapping upon his head a flat-brimmed, steeple-crowned high hat, putting around his neck a stiff upstanding white collar and a black string tie, and on his lean body a tight-buttoned Prince Albert, you would have a living replica of Mr. Bluenose, the man whom the caricaturists have introduced to us as the embodiment of "Puritanism," the man who has taken the cakes and ale out of American life.

A shipload of Puritans came to America in 1634 and settled at Dorchester, Mass. Three centuries later, a descendant of one of those Dorchester couples sits in a swivel-chair and reads, reads, reads.

At one side of this "back parlor" of many memories, there is a huge black safe. In the safe are books, magazines, photographs, novelties, that the man in the swivel-chair believes are "indecent." Downstairs, where the coal bins used to be, there is a storeroom, its door padlocked, its windows barred. In this storeroom is a large collection of books, magazines, photographs, novelties that various little groups of men, twelve to the group, gathered in various jury boxes over a long stretch of years, have pronounced "obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, indecent or disgusting."

If, one of these afternoons, a volcanic eruption should suddenly make another Pompeii of Manhattan, and if, centuries hence, some antiquarian (who couldn't decipher English) should dig down through the ashes and the lava to that back parlor with its safe and its cellar of pictories and books, what would he think of the mummy discovered sitting in the swivel-chair?

I think the conclusions of that antiquarian would be as far from the truth as are the opinions of the contemporaries of John S. Sumner, the man who succeeded Anthony Comstock as Executive Secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice.

Mr. Sumner is a misunderstood man.

His heaviest handicap is the shadow of his predecessor. Anthony Comstock was a crusader. He was aggressive, intolerant. His arrests were often both summary and arbitrary. Remember "September Morn"?

Mr. Sumner is not a crusader. He is a lawyer. He conducted a civil practice for nine years. Then came the "September Morn" incident. One of his clients, a member of the Board of Managers of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, said: "Comstock is getting pretty old. Don't you want to go in as his assistant?" At that time, says Mr. Sumner, he shared the public's opinion of Comstock and his work. He investigated and "saw the necessity for an active society of this kind." He accepted. When Mr. Comstock died, Mr. Sumner took his place.

A week or so ago the newspapers reported that Florenz Ziegfeld had submitted to Mr. Sumner a plan to reform the theatre. Mr. Ziegfeld suggested the formation of a committee of six, with Mr. Sumner as Chairman, to act as a board of censors. It must have been something of a surprise to a public that regards Mr. Sumner as a censorial busybody, when he promptly announced that he would not accept.

"I declined to consider Mr. Ziegfeld's suggestion," said he, in answer to a question, "because I am opposed to the principle of censorship. We have laws forbidding the exploitation of indecency. I believe that those laws should function. A democracy makes its own laws, and it is an indication of a dangerous malady when laws fall in their purpose.

Not a Censor

"In a country that values free speech and a free press, there is and always has been a very proper repugnance to any form of censorship. Just at the present time this feeling of repugnance is particularly strong because of the antipathy to prohibition. Censorship and prohibition are regarded as alike in essence—both forms of suppression, both born of the same spirit of intolerant interdiction. But the man who calls me a censor is ignorant of the meaning of the word, or he is ignorant of the facts, or he is just a plain liar.

"A censor has the power to judge and to prohibit or suppress publication. I neither have nor do I attempt to exercise such power. There is a law forbidding the publication or sale or exhibition of anything that is 'obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, indecent or disgusting.' It is that law that I invoke, and I invoke it just as any other citizen has the right to invoke it.

"If I find pictures or other articles of whose illegality there can be no question, I usually act summarily, exercising the same power of arrest that every citizen has. If I find a book that impresses me as being obscene, I submit it to a City Magistrate or to a Grand Jury, and that Magistrate or jury decides if the law has been violated, and a warrant is issued or an indictment found.

"I would be opposed to any legislative act creating a censorship of books. The criminal law, if properly applied, is all that is needed. I would also oppose a censorship of plays. The enforcement of the law should be sufficient. Of course, the great power back of law enforcement is public opinion. It influences, often controls, police officials, legislators, Judges. For a number of years now public opinion on the question of decency has been in a somewhat chaotic condition. The 'intelligentsia,' which makes a great deal of noise, has been in favor of looseness. I believe that the substantial part of the community has always been in favor of decency.

"It is because of this unsettled state of public opinion that I believe that a play jury has a useful function just now. Made up of members chosen from various walks of life, its opinion should be an approximation to public opinion. It could thus act in an advisory capacity to the Commissioner of Licenses, who should be given the authority by legislative enactment to suspend a theatre's license until a court decided if a play offended under the penal law. The movies present a different problem. Under their method of distribution a picture is exhibited immediately to so many thousands, a considerable portion of them children, that, though I regret the necessity for it, a board of censors having arbitrary power is essential."

As to Boccaccio

There is another matter in which Mr. Sumner says he is misrepresented—his attitude toward "the classics." What was reported as an attempt to suppress the work of Boccaccio was the prosecution of a publisher for issuing in a cheap paper edition ten stories from the "Decameron" ("the rawest parts," to quote Mr. Sumner) and doing a mail order business at 35 cents the copy. The publisher was convicted. What was reported as an attempt to suppress "Mademoiselle de Maupin" was the prosecution of a bookseller for having on display in his show window a copy of that book opened at one of its most salacious passages, with page illustration opposite. The bookseller was acquitted.

"There are pictures that are all right in an art gallery and that are all wrong reproduced as photographs for general distribution," said Mr. Sumner. "There are books that are all right on the shelves of a book dealer, whence they may be produced for the mature person who asks for them, but that are all wrong displayed in a show window to attract the eye of the chance passer-by, however young he or she may be."

Mr. Sumner is rather cynical about publishers and theatrical producers.

He believes that a good many publishers "want to skate on as thin ice as the law allows," as he told some half-dozen publishers who had brought book manuscripts to him to see if he thought they came within the obscene or disgusting class. In all the manuscripts submitted Mr. Sumner found passages that, to use his own phrase, "were objectionable" and the books appeared minus those passages.

Many of the slot-machine men who retail scenes at a penny per half-minute peep bring their product to Mr. Sumner for his O. K. I entered Mr. Sumner's office one afternoon. Standing beside his desk, hat in hand, was a soft, pouchy man of nondescript age. Mr. Sumner, tilted back in his swivel chair, was glancing through a stack of photographs. Occasionally he would pause: "Change the woman's attitude." "I don't like the position of that leg," &c. When the man left I learned how slot-machine art was pruned.

Mr. Sumner is optimistic as to the future.

"The swing of public taste is apparent all along the line," he said. "Lubricity in books began about 1917. It reached its peak about two years ago. Since then there has been a steady improvement.

"Magazines retailing filth have caused more uproar throughout the country than any other kind of indecency. The protest began about three years ago. Local action was taken in many communities. The most salutary action was that taken in Boston, the circulation manager of a 'snappy' magazine being extradited from New York, convicted and sent to jail. That made the editors put on the brakes.

"Even the movies have improved, though there is still plenty of room for further improvement—not so much along the lines of obscenity, but in the exploitation of night life, flapper life. An altogether false impression is given of the worthwhile things of life. This is a subtly poisonous influence on our youth.

"I believe that we have gone through a period of extreme looseness. Times are changing. What we should now try for is to keep things on an even keel, keep from wabbling over to extreme repression. Let us keep away from extremes; they are both to be shunned."

I have said that he is stern-visaged. He smokes a pipe almost constantly, and in that face the pipe strikes a note of levity. But when you know him, you discover that he has a good sense of humor, though it does make him mad as a hornet when an editorial writer calls him a "smut hound."

John S. Sumner.

THE UNINVITED GUEST COMES TO ENGLAND

Even at No. 10 Downing Street It Is Necessary to Curb Those Who Crash the Social Gates

By DIANA BOURBON

ENGLAND is suffering from an epidemic of the social infliction known cryptically as "Mr. and Miss U. Guest." Mr. and Miss U. Guest are, one hastens to explain, those indelicate persons who "crash the gate" at large private entertainments to which they have not been invited.

They may be roughly divided into two categories. Those who take the risk of being unceremoniously shown out, just for the fun of the party; and those who go to it for a definite and sinister purpose, as scouts for skillful bands of thieves.

Mr. Uninvited Guest is far more common than is Miss; but Miss does appear. She is more useful as a scout, for instance. Men's cloakrooms in most big houses are on the ground floor, the women's are often upper bedrooms, pressed into service for the occasion—which means that the upper floors are open for inspection to the perfectly gowned female intruder.

She is always perfectly gowned, just as he is immaculately togged out. The manners and conversation of both are charming. Their fellow-guests are delighted with them. Their hostess is perfectly certain that they are people she really ought to know, and reproaches herself for her lapse of memory, until other of her guests claim her attention.

At least that is the way it used to go for the U. Guest family. But lately the path has been less smooth for them. The London hostess is getting tired of their company and is taking precautions.

Mrs. Baldwin, wife of the Prime Minister, and naturally, therefore, one of the most victimized of hostesses (for who is there who does not nourish a secret ambition to visit famous No. 10 Downing Street?) has led the way. Recently a new rule was enforced at No. 10. Only those persons who had actually replied to the invitations were to be admitted to any of her receptions.

A secretary with an alphabetical list of these people is now in attendance beside the footmen who open the front door, and those presenting themselves for admittance (except, of course, at the more intimate gatherings) are checked up. Other hostesses are making obligatory the presentation, at the door, of the invitation itself.

Even these measures are not too successful. Invitations are things that are frequently left lying around. Neither footman nor secretary can afford to be firm to the point of rudeness if a would-be guest is insistent; for often the most important people really do forget to bring along their cards.

The U. Guests, once they get the hang of these affairs and have the aplomb born of much practice, become bold indeed. Hence the hostesses of Mayfair, Westminster and Belgravia have banded themselves more closely together and are taking determined steps to end the social careers of the interlopers. They have, in fact, organized a sort of social secret service—including themselves, their secretaries and their butlers—for the detection of the unwelcome visitor.

The Secretary Watches Them

People not known to the hostess by sight when they come up to shake hands with her are unobtrusively signaled to her secretary, who watches them. The secretary may soon discover them to be bona fide guests; she will know the first time she hears another person greet them by name, or she may recognize them herself. If they seem to know nobody (though naturally, like everybody else, they talk to many, since at big receptions introductions, in England, are unnecessary), the secretary makes a little note of them, a descriptive little note.

The "upper servants" too will be observing all the time, particularly any one who patronizes the buffet assiduously or mixes with few people, or has been "signaled" to them by the secretary.

At the end of the affair all the suspects are checked up by hostess, secretary and servants in council and fairly complete descriptions are prepared. These are circulated to the other hostess members of this unofficial society Scotland Yard.

Sometimes the descriptions are found to match those that come from other famous houses. Then the amateur detectives feel certain that they have tracked down one of their intended prey. Orders are issued to the doorkeepers, and a few nights later the "young lady with marceled brown hair, wearing a string of Ciro pearls, a black chiffon dress and a Spanish shawl wrap," and the "middle-aged and almost too perfectly gentlemanly gentleman with the monocle on the black ribbon and the quiet foreign decoration in his buttonhole" are turned gently away from the door of another house, perhaps miles away, in another part of London, belonging, it may even be, to a political opponent of the last host. And the detected intruders wonder how on earth they were recognized!

Occasionally, nowadays, descriptions of these members of the large U. Guest clan are even sent down to the real Scotland Yard, which does not concern itself with harmless vulgarians out for a little amusement at the expense of people they don't know, but does emphatically interest itself in unknown visitors to famous mansions that have been, or might be, robbed.

The days of the uninvited guest are numbered. How did he ever get such a foothold as to need dealing with in conservative England? It was, of course, no such simple matter as in New York, where hostesses have suffered from a similar plague for some time now, because the system of entertaining in great hired rooms or in hotels made crashing the gate" so easy.

In England most big entertaining is done in the private homes of the hosts and any hired staff brought in specially for the occasion is concentrated in the buffet. The servants in the cloakrooms, at the front door, and scattered about the reception rooms are regular family servants who know all the family friends by sight, even when these run into the hundreds.

People, then, like Lady Astor and Lady Londonderry, great political hostesses who entertain an immense number of persons whom they may hardly know by sight, but who know them or are associated with them in some way, were the first victims of the sensation hunter who wanted to mingle with the great, though he knew them not. Long accounts of all their receptions are regularly published in the newspapers with the names of those present. It was tempting, inflaming to the imagination.

Perhaps a few people, uninvited, were taken at first by friends who really were invited (though practically unknown) and who were afraid of having no one to speak to in a great crush of strangers. They found out how easy it was to get admitted. Even at Lady Astor's, where, on particularly big "crush" nights, it is sometimes customary for every guest to wear a little card with his or her name and pursuit on it, for the information of fellow-guests, no real investigation was made. The secretary with the cards just wrote down what she was told and pinned it on the visitor. Later, if the visitor got scared, he simply "lost" his card.

Charity "at homes," much affected by the English, provided another great opportunity, as people lending their houses on these occasions never expect to know more than a fraction of those present, mostly recruited among supporters of the particular charity concerned. Getting admitted to large functions, in fact, used to be a very simple matter indeed.

The adventurers, their courage growing, went on to other things. Forthcoming big dances and private receptions are always announced in the newspapers; the uninvited guests, male and female, would dress carefully, go to the house and enter with the utmost assurance. They never chose the same house more frequently than once a season; and when, occasionally, one or other of them was stopped at the door for his invitation "card," he would go through a feint of searching his pockets and announce with mock astonishment that he must have forgotten to bring it. Invariably he would be passed on without it.

The woman "gate-crasher" working alone, specialized in receptions, never venturing to dances without a male companion. But as time went on the uninvited guest's taste for high society and for being "entertained" right royally grew and grew—as did the guest's experience and courage. Whole companies would get together, descend in this way upon the bigger functions, and have an excellent time there all by themselves, arriving and leaving at moments when the crush was at its height.

A Check on Interlopers

This was made easier by the fact that hostesses after the war made a practice of asking girl guests to "bring a man" to dances. Inevitably, then, there were guests present whom the hostess knew she did not and could not know. How could she attempt to check up on which of these strangers had come with invited guests, and which were interlopers pure and simple? She has recently reverted, quite suddenly, to the more dignified way of inviting her own men instead of having the commodity imported for her; and this, in itself, will do much toward reducing the number of unknown visitors.

The move, in fact, became quite necessary, and this is why. Many of the male U. Guests, besides being presentably dressed, had the manners and speech of gentlemen. They mixed with and made themselves agreeable to the genuine guests. At dances they would manage to get themselves presented (by a "picked-up" acquaintance in the party) to a woman guest, and would "take the floor." There is nearly always a shortage of dancing men at parties in England. The next thing that happened would be that the pleasant stranger, so op-

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"The Uninvited Guests Have the Utmost Assurance."

"A Stand-Up Supper Thrown In."

FASHION DISCOVERS A NEW PLAYGROUND

La Baule, on the Bay of Biscay, Is a Dreamy, Picturesque Place of Sand Dunes and Pine Trees

"Le Croisic Is a Busy Little Port."

SOCIETY has found a new Summer resort in France. In a year or two all that is fashionable and gay will, it is expected, be flocking in August and September to La Baule.

It is near the mouth of the Loire, at the very south of Brittany, and is within a few miles of St. Nazaire, the disembarkation port of so many thousands of Americans in the World War. This season it is attracting far more American and English visitors than ever before, and when the big development schemes now under way are completed it will take, it is hoped, its place beside Deauville and the Lido as one of the fashionable seaside places of Europe.

That La Baule will thus advance is not altogether welcome to those who have known its peaceful charm for the last quarter of a century. On the shore are hundreds of villas, owned by Frenchmen of the well-to-do business classes, who have been wont to find there the pure air, the bright skies and the perfect quiet that make an ideal holiday. They have built little country homes in the Bois d'Amour, a pine woods crowning the sand dunes. They have seen their children grow bronzed and strong at their play on the golden sand, and regard the threatened advent of the gay world with some apprehension.

Charming Bit of Coast

But there is room at La Baule for all. A large section of the coast lies empty, awaiting development. It was said that Cornuché, uncrowned king of Deauville, who died recently, was turning his attention toward La Baule. At any rate, he was associated with the proprietor of the present little Casino and knew full well how potent is the charm of this bit of coast.

La Baule is on the Bay of Biscay; but nothing seems further removed, on a bright Summer's day, than the stress and storm that tradition associates with this body of water. The sea laps lazily on the sands. A great half circle of water, six miles across from the tip of one promontory to the other, stretches to the horizon. A few islets and fishing craft alone break its brilliant blue. Beaches lie outstretched on the landward side and green trees show their grateful foliage on the dunes behind. For peace and quiet this might well be the border of some inland lake.

La Baule is the most favored spot of one of the most interesting parts of the western coast of France. On the ordinary map this coast seems to run in a smooth curve from north to south; but actually, at the mouth of the Loire, the shore is broken into a maze of little bays and headlands. History has been made there, lost causes maintained, great sea fights fought and won. Old World races still survive, with their strange customs and quaint costumes. But it is only recently that men have come to realize what a boon nature has here prepared for a tired and busy world.

Facing due south, La Baule is sheltered from every wind but one. When the southwest storms come, the water that seemed so lazy an hour before springs into furious life. Great rollers come rushing in to thunder on the sands, and the dunes themselves, before man found means to protect them against the might of the winds, were driven before them.

Benedictine monks were the first regular settlers. Attracted by the warmth and the quiet, they founded a house for themselves on the dunes in 1050. The village of Escoubiac grew up under its walls and flourished for 450 years. Then, in 1527, came a raging tempest. It swept down on this part of the coast, driving the sands before it. They engulfed a large portion of the hamlet, with great loss of life, and forced the survivors to gather still more closely round the walls of the monastery and begin life again. The chapel of the monks became their parish church. For another 200 years the Breton fishermen dwelt in security and prospered.

Then, on the night of March 14, 1751, nature broke loose again. For the second time came a tempest from the southwest. It hurled itself against the dunes and set them moving. They overran the presbytery and the cemetery, and began to threaten the church. It stood nearly a mile from the sea, 150 feet above the high-water mark, but the sand was all around it. A struggle for life set in. Day by day the dunes advanced before the wind, closer and closer to the building. The villagers fought them with every means in their power. Week by week and month by month they found more and more of their fields and houses overwhelmed by the invader. At length, in 1785, they gave up the hopeless struggle. By this time the church was so far buried that it was possible to enter it only by a window, and the entire community decided there was nothing to do but move further inland.

But the misfortunes of these villagers have given present-day visitors something of real beauty. When they set up the third Escoubiac they called in nature, which had destroyed two predecessors, to protect their new settlement. There was only one means of checking the sand once it was on the move. Trees must be planted. Thousands of pine saplings were set out, and today, 150 years after the destruction of the church, a pine wood stretches for miles, holding the hunes stable.

Thus came into existence the beautiful Bois d'Amour, which not only safeguards Escoubiac and the fields around it, but adds great charm as well to La Baule. To realize its beauty one must stroll through this wood on a warm Summer evening. After the fierce glare of the sands and the blue sea, relief here is found. The light, as it filters through the dark foliage, is gentle and subdued. Hardly any undergrowth can live on the sandy soil, and the trunks of the trees rise to a height of thirty feet without a branch. Down the long aisles the vista extends for hundreds of yards, till some steep slope cuts it sharply. Beneath one's feet the ground is crisp and slippery with fallen pine needles. Paths there are, but to paths one need not keep. For miles the wanderer can saunter on, finding ever new beauty in the swelling wind-sculptured dunes.

It is in this Bois d'Amour that the new La Baule les Pins is beginning to arise. A stretch of two miles of undeveloped land lies between the present water place and Pornichet, a resort to the east of it. The railroad is being moved back, to leave access to the sea unimpeded, and through the woods winding roads are being cut to give villas the most picturesque of sites. These roads twist and turn at the foot of the dunes. In the centre a wide plaza has been cleared and planted with palms, which in this favored spot flourish freely in the open. Here a casino and hotels are to be erected. An eighteen-hole golf course is planned and scores of tennis courts are to be laid out.

In the developments now under way room is being provided for every sort of villa. In deep hollows, embedded in the trees or on little eminences rising steeply from the road, houses may be erected as the fancy directs. Already in the developed sections of the bay hundreds of small villas have been built, where a happy, carefree life is the order of the day. The sands are gay with children in bright-colored bathing dresses, digging, flying kites or playing croquet and tennis. Their elders lounge in tents. They bathe, of course, with the youngsters, and from bathing it is simple to go on to paddling and shrimping or even to building sand fortifications.

Already, in its eight miles of seashore, La Baule shows a wide diversity of character. At Penchateau, the western tip of the crescent, are dignified estates. Then comes Le Pouliguen, a fishing village. Each day the fishing fleet works its way down a small creek and past the jetty, to seek sardines and mackerel in the bay. Each afternoon the catch is sold, in true fisherman style, on the quay.

Within a few minutes' ride by train are two towns, built on the rocks and full of legendary history. Batz, they say, is inhabited by the descendants of a race not French at all. They trace their ancestry back to one of the Scandinavian peoples, once the scourge of Europe, who found it convenient to form a settlement in a rocky cove, whence the early Bretons could not drive them. They have a fine Gothic church. Greatly do these inhabitants pride themselves on their probity. An old adage has it that if a stone be rolled along the streets of Batz it is sure to stop at the door of an honest man.

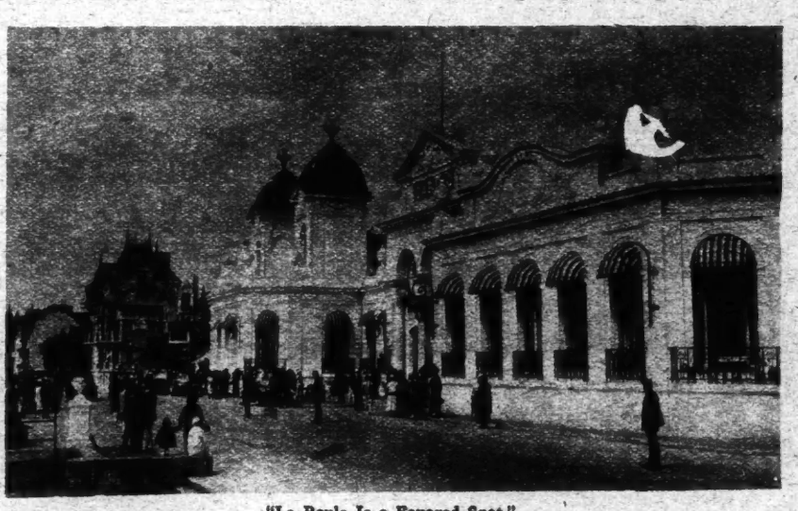
Legend Hallows Le Croisic

Le Croisic, a mile or two beyond, is a busy little port with fantastic and interesting rocks near by. Legend relates that St. Goustan was wrecked upon one of them and that when he was cast ashore an angel descended to make a soft bed for him.

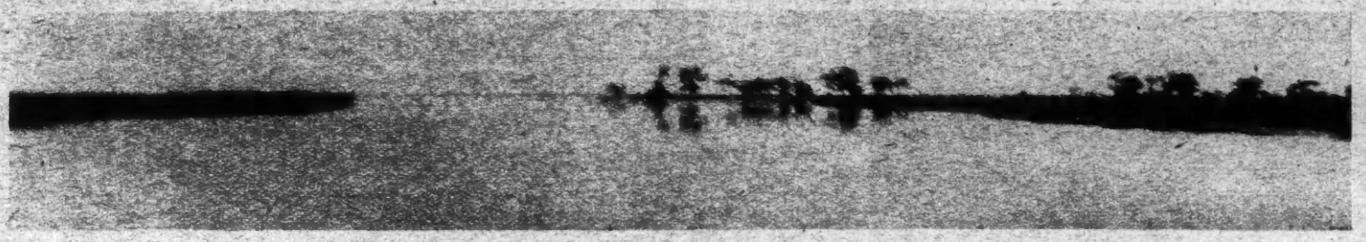
In both towns live those who work in the salt marshes. At high tide the sea finds its way between the cliffs of Batz and the sand dunes of La Baule and fills a great basin behind. Divided into square pools, with ridges of earth between, the marshes are used to collect salt by evaporation. Great glistening piles of salt are gathered from the ponds with long rakes and carried away for refining. Even in these modern days the salt workers preserve their folklore and songs and come together on fête days to dance in quaint costumes.

Overlooking these salt marshes, within an hour's walk of La Baule, is Guerande, a walled town—grim reminder of days when no man was safe except behind stone ramparts. The moat and gates remain. Guerande, too, has its saint—St. Aubin—who in the early eleventh century is said miraculously to have put to flight a raiding band of Northmen.

Rocks Near Le Pouliguen.



"La Baule Is a Favored Spot."



The Bayou Country, Where River and Sea and Lowland Struggle for Survival.

MUSKRAT COUNTRY IS STILL A PAGAN LAND

Mississippi Delta Trappers, Like Their Pirate Ancestors, Are Not Perturbed by Laws to Curb Their Traffic

By HELEN BULLITT LOWRY

YOU never really thought that the fates would throw them together again—those disreputable old freebooters of the Spanish Main and the fine folk of fashion to whose taste for luxury they catered as smugglers. Yet, a century and more having passed, here they are again—at least the great-great-grandchildren of the original caste.

The luxurious urban women who desire silver-muskrat fur and "Hudson seal" to draw smartly about them, and the fur trappers of Southern bayou swamps! For these trappers are the authentic descendants, so please you, of the swashbuckling old buccaneers of the Spanish Main, who used to smuggle in laces and rum-and-Paris fashions through the back-door waterways of Louisiana.

The genealogical fact—amusingly enough, and John Watson and the whole psychological school of Behaviorism to the contrary—is playing unanticipated ducks and drakes with the pompous intentions of the fur industry to put the muskrat resources of the country on a business basis. When the New York end of the industry talks of "conserving our natural resources"; when it expatiates on rat ranches and limiting the out-take, that unborn generations of city-bred women may be accommodated; when it advocates licensing the trapper, and—most illogical of all—paying an absentee landlord for the privilege of trapping the swamps, the bayou country simply thumbs its nose.

Folk With Lurid Pedigrees

Not for nothing do the gentlest, the most mannerly, the gayest, the most honest and illegal people in America trace their pedigree to the Barataran pirates and smugglers. Not a single law has been obeyed on the lower Mississippi delta in 200 years and they aren't going to begin obeying laws at this late day.

Beyond Ford's End lies this hotly contested muskrat country—a hundred miles south of the worldly paradise of Bayou Teche with its stately old Creole mansions; fifty miles below the thrifty truck gardens of the bayou "Cadjens" (Evangeline's people); beyond even the dreams of Florida's drainage experts. To reach it you must travel by a little boat, just as you would have had to travel a hundred years ago. Through vast cyprus swamps hung eerily with the mournful gray moss you go, southward bound, until you come to a world of grasses; until opalescent land has melted into a flatness whose highest ridges are only five feet above sea level. The wind waves fantastic patterns across the grasses and the ancient oaks plunge desperate roots into what the natives call "sweet earth." The branches of these trees stretch northward, as if ever fleeing from the implacable ocean.

Fifty miles inland this country spreads like a knotted fringe, bordering the tattered coast line of Louisiana—a region planned by le Bon Dieu for His creatures—for muskrat and wild duck and wild geese; and, lest His intent be misunderstood, He stocked it with the wild life's best friend—hordes of man-eating mosquitos! Le Bon Dieu never meant that man should dwell where river and ocean and marsh wage their primordial struggle for survival. It was only as a kindly afterthought that He allotted these oak-wooded oases in the wastes, where hunted men throughout the centuries could build their palm-thatched huts—safe from automobile roads and tourists and realtors; from revenue officers, bloodhounds and posses.

That pep-driven Yankees should encroach, finding a way to make a 100 per cent. American industry out of muskrats, was not in the original plan at all—a fact proved by the idyllic use the bayou trapper has made of his untoward profits. Beyond Ford's End he cannot blow his earnings on automobiles. Instead he buys the one possession without which no civilization has ever flourished in the arts of living—nine months of leisure a year.

The New York end of the story of this return of the Barataran pirate strain to contact with the world of gold and loot and commerce reads like an orthodox success magazine yarn—starting out, just as it should, with all the rules of the game and with impressive statistics attesting that tropical Louisiana now produces more furs for the trade than does any other State, and more than all of the Provinces of Canada put together.

The general public hardly realizes it, but the cheaper grades of "Hudson seal" that those economically inclined wore for a decade, before it, too, became an expensive luxury, was grown on the back of the Louisiana muskrat.

The New York end is an "inspirational" story of how, before the late war, a muskrat brought only a few cents a pelt, because Leipsic had the world's fur market sewed up; of how, before the war, a muskrat had no nobler destiny than to be an "imitation" fur, because Germany had little enough reason to develop America's natural resources; of how, picked up whole families of Jewish fur workers, transplanting them to New York, pelt secrets and all. The New York furriers decided that the time had come to develop American furs.

The shining brown back and the silver-glinted taupe belly of the muskrat, instead of being dyed ignominiously into second rate "Hudson seal," were pushed as two exotic fur dainties. The effete vogue for pliable and fitable and sewable furs began to take hold of the feminine fancy, to the vast profit of the Southern fur States, since the muskrat wears his fur as a raincoat instead of as a defense against cold. So the Southern muskrat soared in price; soared quite out of reach of the clientele that buys its fur coat on the instalment plan.

The price paid the trapper jumped from a few pennies a pelt to 80 cents. The story would, of course, be illustrated by photographs of the go-getters and of extra-svelte young persons prominent in society photographed in muskrat coats "for the benefit of charity."

But the bayou end of the story should be illustrated by Wyeth with his very best pirate chest properties; for never forget that the peculiar ethnological character of the trappers is going to exercise an undue influence on the business. The bayou end of the story should be sung like some ancient minstrel lay, to the music of an accordion. In the first decade of the nineteenth century (so this minstrel lay must begin), the muskrat country was the stronghold of smugglers and freebooters under Jean Lafitte, the most decorative gentleman of fortune to ply the privateering trade on the Spanish Main after Sir Francis Drake went out of business. There was class to Lafitte and class to his lieutenants and class to his silent partners.

The Trapper of Muskrats Is Descended From the Buccaneers of the Spanish Main.

Beyond Ford's End Lies the Muskrat Country of the Lower Mississippi Delta.

during these years of low pelt prices, there was free trapping for anybody who wanted it in the vast marshes.

With the war, energetic young New Yorkers saw America's opportunity to break up Leipsic's monopoly, and in the Winter of 1919 furriers sent over to Leipsic and

Smuggling had the public sentiment behind it; was sanctioned by the thrifty Creole merchants. If all the goods smuggled in weren't come by honestly, that was a private matter between M. Lafitte and le Bon Dieu.

In the Days of Lafitte

Colorful are the legends that cling to the Lafitte band—as colorful as are those of Robin Hood. Fort Grand Terre, overlooking the harbor of Barataria, was defended for years against Madison's weak navy. The oak grove in the desert of waving grasses called Chenière Caminada saw the wild revels of the adventurers. Lafitte, like Robin Hood, delighted in daredevil escapades, with a price on his head. He once spent an evening with Governor Claiborne's vivacious lady, who never suspected his identity.

Before the battle of New Orleans the English sent emissaries, offering him rewards and a naval commission and British citizenship. Lafitte entertained them in his delta barony as a great robber baron should, serving them choice wines and delicacies from silver dishes and on finest linen. When, heavy with wine, these emissaries slept, he took ship to New Orleans and revealed their plans to General Andrew Jackson.

A thousand freebooters, hardy veterans of lawless battle on the high seas, sailed out in their privateering craft from Fort Grand Terre. Their help turned the battle that defeated England's crack regiments and General Jackson gave amnesty to Lafitte and his band. The President remained the friend of the outlaw, just as Cour de Lion remained the friend of Robin Hood.

But Lafitte got so bored with his amnesty that he finally moved over to Mexico and went back into the buccaneering business. The freebooters, however, settled down in their old neighborhood, becoming more or less lawful citizens.

This is the stock from which the Barataran fur trappers of today draw their disconcerting qualities, a stock that has thrived and multiplied, intermarrying up and down the coast and bayous with other lawless strains of the refugees of a hundred nationalities.

The Women Are Beautiful

Un-American are today's Barataria, speaking a strange patois of mingled French and Spanish and Cadjen Creole, slurred together into soft tropical cadences. Beautiful are Barataria's women, with their glowing eyes, sun-bronzed skins and soft voices. And there are flowers in their hair. Wise are the Barataria, with the lore of swamps and birds. They have traded the vices and jaded knowledge of the world their forbears brought with them into the wind-cleansed swamps for the innocence of lawless liberty.

Merry, too, are the Barataria. When the long drifting Summer comes they dance on the beach to the music of the accordion, which entered the realm 200 years ago from some German source or other. An itinerant accordion player, wandering up and down the bayou on the little gasoline packet, brings a "ball" with him wherever he goes. Each community within sailing distance lays off for three days and attends these balls afternoons and evenings. It is as if, imprisoned between the floods of the river and the storms of the sea, man could do no better than dance.

Irreligious are the Barataria. If the priest wanders down the bayous once a month he more than takes care of the spiritual needs of the lower bayou country. If there be one naïvely pagan spot left in the world since the missionaries and novelists and tourists took over the South Seas, that unspoiled land is the muskrat country.

And these are the people to whom practical modern business is saying sternly: "If you trap on a man's land you have got to pay him rental." Legal owners have been turning up all over the muskrat country. From time to time, it seems, the great oil companies have been buying up square miles for a song, just on the off-chance that an oil field might develop. From time to time various visionary persons, as well, have been lured by the dream of turning the black fertility of wild bayou swamps into a common-sense hard-working agricultural delta like the Nile's. It looked feasible on the map; but mosquitos finished that dream. Nobody who was not born and bred in the mosquito swamps would go there

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Jonathan Swift.

KIPLING REVEALS SWIFT IN A FLASH OF SYMPATHY

New Interest Aroused in the Much Misunderstood Satirist Of the Eighteenth Century—He Exposed Abuses

By P. W. WILSON

IF it is today our delicate task to unravel the riddle of that much-misunderstood man, Jonathan Swift, the reason is that his ungainly yet imperious figure has been illuminated for the moment in a spotlight, concentrated upon him by Rudyard Kipling, who recently addressed us on the art of literature, which he adorns.

This, indeed, is fame; and one day—who knows?—Jonathan Swift may be mentioned in a speech by Sir James Barrie himself. If that should ever happen everybody will want to know at once precisely who and what the strange old fellow used to be.

On "the master of irony," then, Mr. Kipling flashes a few of those fitful yet revealing phrases, all his own, which have immortalized Tommy Atkins in his barracks, the boy called Stalky in his school, and the cat that walked by its lone. We are invited to wonder at Swift as "a man of overwhelming intellect and power," who was "scourged through life between the dread of insanity and the wrath of his own soul, warring with a brutal age."

Satires Instead of Sermons

Yet today, says Kipling, he is remembered by "one little book" alone, and even of that book the purpose has been changed. Swift intended his "Gulliver's Travels" to be "a dreadful testament against his fellow-kind." Yet his satire is now enjoyed as "a pleasant tale for the young." It is, says Kipling, "like turning down the glare of a volcano to light a child to bed."

That is poetry; and it is, we fear, only in prose that we can attempt to elucidate this mystery of literature. Ask the average man about Swift and he will tell you that the author of "Gulliver" was an Irishman who was or went mad; who had affairs with ladies called Stella and Vanessa, and who, either because of these advantages or despite them, lived and died the most famous dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin—where, instead of preaching sermons, he wrote satires. To a questionnaire by Thomas Edison such an answer would be regarded as the general information which all of us ought to possess. And the date of Swift's death was 1745.

That Swift happened to be born in Dublin was a mischance which he himself found it impossible wholly to conceal. His birth in that city was indeed his original, as his burial there was his final grievance. But, as Macaulay puts it, "he no more considered himself as an Irishman than an Englishman born in Calcutta considers himself as a Hindu." Of the blood that flowed in his veins and sometimes poisoned his heart, every drop was pure English. And to claim that he was Irish merely because he went to school at Kilkenny and took a degree at Trinity College, Dublin, is like saying that a fish must be a dog or a rabbit because it happens to be a fish out of water. Kilkenny was Ireland's Eton; Trinity was her Oxford and Cambridge; to be bred there meant not that you were Irish but that you ruled the Irish.

The difference between Swift and the Irish was thus simple. They were Catholic; he was Protestant. They were the nation; he belonged to the Ascendancy. And oil will not mix with water.

To Swift, therefore, Ireland was exile and only England was home. To escape from the Ascendancy and to dwell among citizens was his one ambition. As soon as he could he escaped to England, where his mother lived. As long as he could he stayed in England. If he had to be vicar of Laracor near Trim it was only because no English benefice was offered. And if ultimately he was preferred to the Deanery of St. Patrick's in Dublin, the sole reason was that Queen Anne, having read "The Tale of a Tub," had understood enough of it to be doubtful whether the author should be an English Bishop. As a Dean of St. Patrick's, so it was argued, he would do no damage with his dynamite, except to Dublin. And even a theological damage to Dublin did not then much matter.

It was a reasonable view. But it meant that, to Swift as an Englishman, the native land itself became a might-have-been. He could dwell among the dwarfs of Lilliput; he could sojourn among the giants of Brobdingnag; he could be whisked nowhither on the flying island of the Laputians; but from the shops of Cheapside and the lanes of Leicestershire, he was in effect as excluded as Dante was excluded from the Republic of Florence.

But the fact that Swift was merely an Englishman is not in itself enough to prove that he was a lunatic. Indeed, if Swift had died at the age of 73 years instead of 78, not a word would have been said of his so-called insanity. Until he was 73, his health, mental and physical, was, if anything, above the average. He complained at times of deafness and feeling giddy; but, if he had worn good spectacles, even these symptoms might have been less acute.

Body Survived Mind

On any ordinary day, however—and few days were otherwise—he dined, talked, read, wrote, traveled and preached like any other rational person or parson. Indeed, one of his alleged peculiarities was that he took regular exercise and ate fruit, which—to a critic like Johnson—at once suggested an unbalanced mentality. His whole trouble as a septuagenarian was the passing of the years. And in his case, as in Ruskin's, it happened to be the body that survived the mind.

Unless grand old men like Gladstone and Charles Eliot, therefore, are to be described as chronic invalids because they live beyond the span of threescore years and ten, Swift was sane. And, if you fail to see him as a sane man, you do not see him at all. There was nothing in him except what was sane; which was why, at times, he was lonely. When there was insanity around him, he could not share it.

The career of Swift was well under way when he was 3 years old. At that tender age his nurse had taught him not only how to read, but how to read any chapter in the Bible. A mind, so impregnated, never rids itself of what has become its very texture. Swift started life as a convinced Christian and his life conformed strictly to his creed. He was, perhaps, the only man of letters who kept all the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule in addition.

As a young man, he was regular in his visits to his mother, at whose death he was heartbroken. That cultured statesman, Sir William Temple, desired no other secretary, and even paid him a salary of £20—$100 a year. King William found his company so well worth while that he offered him a captaincy in the army and explained to him how the Dutch cut asparagus. When, moreover, it was desired to convince his Majesty in favor of triennial Parliaments, the advocate selected was Jonathan Swift. His argument failed, but it was he who, in his "insanity," could most lucidly present it.

And if Ministers like Harley and St. John quarreled—men responsible for the destines of empire—it was Swift who was summoned if possible to keep the peace. Statesmen habitually preferred his insane wisdom to their own sagacious folly. Yet his income, all told, was only about $10 a week.

His asceticism recalls the self-discipline of a Tolstoy. If as a boy he traveled, it was on foot. His inns were the common lodging houses, and he would pay sixpence for clean linen. If, then, some of his writings disgust, it is because he had been himself disgusted.

He never forgot the poor. And if he refused to spend on himself a needless penny, it was because he wished to give that penny to some one who needed it. His mind may have been unsound, but never his finances. He was so mad that instead of plundering the endowments of his cathedral he conserved them for future generations.

In a pagan era he was one of the few men who said his prayers. But if he prayed it was in secret; which sincerity was condemned as a form of skepticism. It was thus at the earliest and least frequented services that he slipped into church and worshiped, so avoiding as far as he could the sight of men. You could be in his house for six months and yet be unaware that daily he recited family prayers with his servants.

Yet when he was ordained, he rivaled George Herbert himself in his fidelity to all that is meant by a curé of souls. In his Irish parishes there were services on weekdays as well as Sundays. His reading of the liturgy was profoundly impressive. No one who received from him the Communion ever forgot his dignified and awe-compelling demeanor. At St. Patrick's he held the office of Dean as few have ever held any office. He supervised the music; he ordered the services; he taught the clergy how to preach; he was hospitable. He was helpful. He was authoritative.

His literary achievements were, indeed, no more than accidental to his real interest in life. And the total of his output over so many years was small. But as a young man, a comparative failure at college, he displayed an exquisite lucidity of style, a simple and direct handling of realities and an absolute audacity in calling a spade a spade, which he had learned, as we have seen, at his nurse's knee. Little did that good woman realize as she spelled out the letters of psalm and prophecy that she was polishing the pen which, dipped in acid, was to prove more powerful than the cordid sword of Marlborough. It was Swift who, by his editorials—the first of their kind—stopped the iniquitous slaughter of human life by which, season after season, the Churchill family built up their fortunes.

Indifferent to Pay

When, however, he became Dean, all that was over. No longer did he dine with Harley. No longer did he hammer his old friends, the Whigs. If he wrote, it was usually because the spirit moved him. Nor, in some cases, did he trouble to publish what he wrote until years had elapsed. To remuneration he was indifferent. Apparently he was paid £200—about a thousand dollars—for Gulliver. For much other work he received or retained not a penny.

That he could still be in earnest was shown by his overwhelming exposures of abuses in Ireland. The natives, as he regarded them, might be "altogether as inconsiderable as women and children," but his own superior race should not plunder them. But "Gulliver's Travels" was written in lighter vein. It is, of course, a satire. But satire was no martyrdom to Swift. It was his

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Jonathan Swift and Stella.

From a Painting by Margaret Isabel Dicksee.

THEIR MAJESTIES FIGHT IT OUT IN COURT

Sobhusa, Chief of the Black Swazis, Engages King George in Single Combat Over Land Rights

"He Is a Big Black Man in the Black Man's Big Continent."

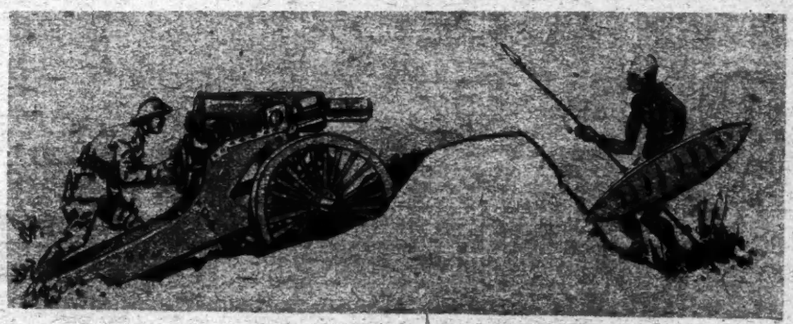
TO our usual ideas of monarchy it comes as a shock that Sobhusa II, the Paramount Chief of the Swazis, should be entitled to fight a case in the law courts of London against King George V. On the one hand there is a dusky potentate ruling over sixscore thousand savages, whose ancestral palace stands in a native kraal and whose traditional costume is his own skin. And on the other hand there is the sovereign not only of Swaziland itself but of the entire British Commonwealth of Nations. Yet these two monarchs engage in a single combat and so accept the statement of the Declaration of Independence that, in law, all men are created equal.

It will be said, of course, that an equality between such a lion and such a lamb is more apparent than real. In an argument, what chance has Sobhusa II against George V? Apart from any other circumstance, the language to be spoken is British, not Bantu. And even if more forcible weapons were permitted, the odds would be in favor of a howitzer against an assegai.

But in this strange tourney each of the combatants is entitled to name a champion; and neither Sobhusa II nor George V appears in person. They have counsel to represent them. And these advocates continue their lucrative incantations for many days, stamping documents with rhythmic precision and beating their fists on tables, while coins rattle into their pockets. This, of course, is known technically as British justice.

The Umpire's Decision Holds

Their Majesties Sobhusa II and George V thus agree in advance that, however serious may be their differences of opinion over concessions of land, granted by Sobhusa's too easygoing forefathers, they will accept the arbitration of judges who are irremovable by either of them and presumably impartial. In the British Empire, as in baseball, the decision of the umpire, and even his life, are respected.



"The Odds Would Be in Favor of a Howitzer Against an Assegai."

When, therefore, Sobhusa II is presented at court, meaning in this case a court of law, he is served by the same kind of brain behind the same kind of white face on which George V relies. What is said on behalf of the Black Chief sounds as well as what is said on behalf of the White Emperor.

One monarch is as much entitled as the other to hand his brief to an Oxford accent. Nor is the advocacy on either side restricted. Whatever reasoning or sophistry supports the plea of Sobhusa II can be urged on his behalf. And whatever is said against that plea can be rebutted. For the two litigants, however unequally they be yoked together, the rules of procedure are the same.

It happens that Sobhusa II lost his case. The concessions of land to which he raised objection were held to be valid. But, at least, he and his tribes have had a full, a fair and a public hearing. They may or they may not have received justice. That must be always a matter of opinion. But the forms of justice have been observed.

For what you do in Asia or Africa matters less than how you do it. In a correct ceremonial there is prudence. Sobhusa II is not only a sovereign; he is a symbol. He is a Big Black Man in the Black Man's Big Continent. In his person there is seen not the individual alone, but the race. And the race outnumbers the whites by ten, twenty, thirty to one. South Africa is today profoundly disturbed by debates on the color bar. Those debates are read in India and, indeed, wherever the sun has transformed the blond into the brunette. To hold such an empire by force alone was difficult in the past. Today it is impossible. The only cement that lasts is fair play.

The case of Sobhusa II is merely one of hundreds. From every part of the British Empire there are lawsuits submitted to London. These appeals sometimes affect self-governing dominions. And not long ago the Judges in London gave a decision on the Grand Trunk Railway which was directly in favor of Canada and against the British bondholders. And in Britain there was not a little feeling over it. It was held that the rights of the investors had been imperfectly unheld.

Many Appeals to London

That appeal was decided according to British law. But many appeals are referred to London from countries where British law is unknown, where, indeed, all law has been unwritten. And these cases may involve important properties and customs, like marriage and inheritance. As Western civilisation permeates Africa and Asia, all kinds of curious and often conflicting equities have to be defined. And this task of extending the frontiers of written and definite law is proceeding in London, silently and unnoticed, but without interruption, even by war itself.

When an appeal at law is made, let us say from the Malay Peninsula, it might be handled in either of two ways. The tribunal might sweep aside native practices and start afresh with law as understood in Europe. But in the main this is not the policy followed.

Instead of treating Uganda and Bechuanaland as if they were Belgravia or Boston, England, the Judges ask what has been the rule followed in Bechuanaland and Uganda. Often the evidence in this point is collected by witnesses authorized to investigate the facts on the spot. And having thus discovered what the native rule has been, the Judges next ask themselves whether that rule is in accordance with public policy. For instance, slavery has been a very general and well-established rule, but it is now abolished. And so with suttee—the burning of widows in India. Presumably death by the wizard-doctor in Africa would not be regarded as defensible.

But, on the other hand, many native customs, though they seem strange enough to us, are still suited to native conditions. And the view of the Judges is that they should refrain from altering these customs unless there is good reason. They endeavor, therefore, to discover what the law has been, to resolve its uncertainties and to say how it should be applied.

It may be urged that the Judges, in so acting, do not merely interpret the law but themselves become legislators. Up to a point, that is true, and "Judge-made law" is often criticized. The answer is, however, that the common law as it has thus developed may be modified at any time by act of Parliament. In other words the common law evolved by Judges only holds good as long as Parliament acquiesces in it.

The nature of the tribunal which thus decided between Sobhusa II and George V is characteristic of the picturesque haphazard which you find at every point of the British Constitution. In the United States every citizen is taught at school about the Supreme Court. There, on a legal Olympus, sit the august nine, with the Senate at their right and the House of Representatives at their left. No visitor to Washington thinks of leaving the capital without seeing the Supreme Court.

In Unusual Surroundings

But the Supreme Court of the British Empire is so hidden amid the backstairs of Whitehall that most subjects of King George have never heard of the place. With furtive modesty the Judges meet like conspirators in an unfrequented room of the Privy Council Office, and while the proceedings are open to the press few reporters know that they are going on, and as a rule the privacy is complete. If you did find yourself in the sanctum you would see a number of innocent and elderly gentlemen, including Lord Haldane, who would appear to be talking pleasantly in polysyllables about nothing in particular. Lord Haldane likes the place because it improves his knowledge of geography. And, indeed, it is all quite simple and imperturbably courteous. Yet this same judicial committee, by a sentence or two, often determines issues involving life and territory and vast sums of money.

In England there is, as a rule, a tendency to call things by any name except the right name. The idea that the tribunal which lays down law for the empire is a supreme court would be constitutional heresy. Is not the King supreme? And if not the King, what about Parliament? Hence these Judges who decided between Sobhusa II and George V are described not even as a court, but merely as a committee—the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. And as everything in England is run by committees, nobody takes offense. The Privy Council is organised exactly like a golf club.

What happened was that while the King was the cunning or able man who could do things, no king can do everything for himself. Hence the King appointed a secret or private or privy council, numbering about a dozen. Naturally people wanted to belong to the Privy Council, and today it includes about 400 eminent names.

Hence the King, embarrassed by such a multitude of councilors, selected two committees, Executive and Legal. The Executive Committee was called the Cabinet, because that was the kind of room where it met, and the other was called the Judicial Committee. Both these committees are answerable to Parliament. The House of Commons can get rid of the Cabinet. But it takes the passage of resolutions in both Commons and Lords to dismiss any single Judge. This means that Judges never are dismissed. The more foolish they are the more likely is it that the Lords will agree with them.

When, therefore, Sobhusa II wanted his land back again he appealed, as the phrase has it, "to the King in Council." And the Council, when asked about it, referred his Majesty to the Judicial Committee. And the Judicial Committee took up the case exactly as the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Senate takes up a treaty with Turkey or the League of Nations. In due course the Judicial Committee "advised" the King that Sobhusa II had no case. And the King accepted the advice. If the Judges had "advised" George V the other way the King would have been equally pleased about it.

Dominions far beyond the seas have sometimes discussed whether they should repudiate the authority of these elderly gentlemen sitting in the back room on Whitehall. Appeals are expensive. And it is asked why litigants should be entitled to call in an authority, thousands of miles away, and so seek to override the wisdom of the Judges of the dominions themselves.

But experience has shown that it is convenient for the British Empire to have what is, in effect, its own Hague Court—a tribunal of unchallengeable integrity which can review difficult issues with a broad and serene philosophy.

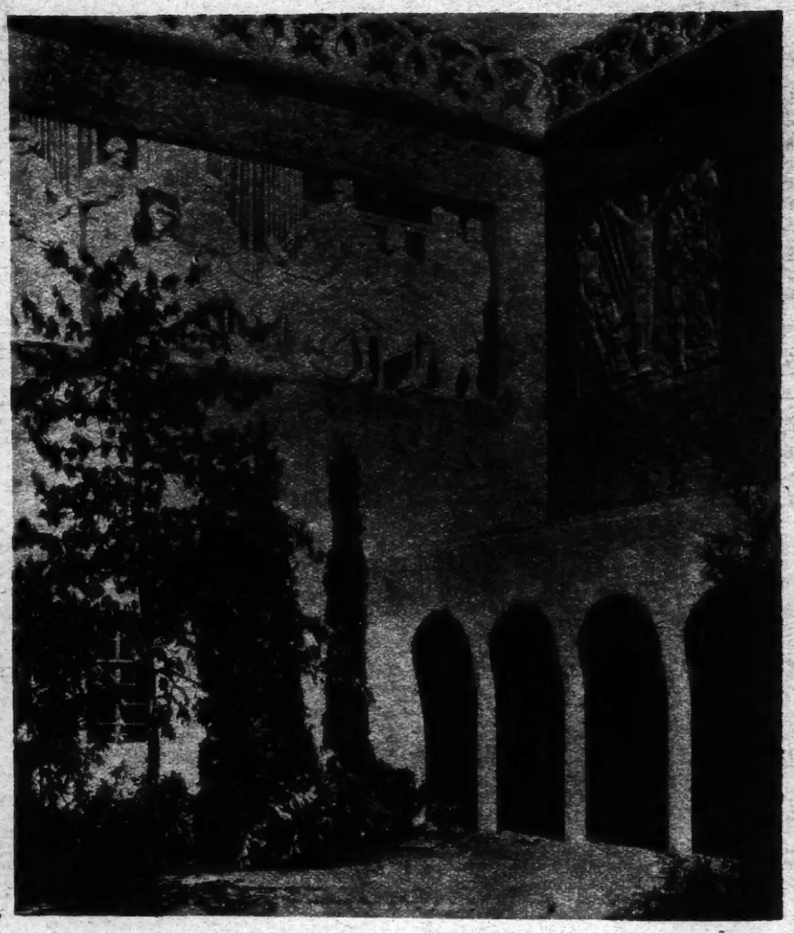
The dominions, therefore, have not broken away from the Judicial Committee. On the contrary they have sent Judges who have joined the committee. India, Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand are all represented today in the back room by lawyers of eminence.

Sometimes the whirligig of time plays strange pranks. The back room where the Privy Council used to sit as a court was called the Star Chamber. It was here that Sir Edward Coke once found a boy, called Roger Williams, taking notes in shorthand, and sent him to the school at the Charter House. It is the constitutional authority, once vested in the Star Chamber, which today is exercised in cases like that of Sobhusa II and George V. But nobody has his ears cut off. Nobody is condemned to the pillory. And even the torture by rack and thumbscrew is discontinued.

Differing from the King on a point of law is today a humdrum affair.

PAGEANT OF ART AT SESQUICENTENNIAL

It Marches From the '70s to the Present, Linking Artists Famous in the Past With Those Who Are Making History Today—Summer Exhibitions Are Now on View in New York



Alcove of the Pennsylvania State Building at the Sesquicentennial Exposition in Philadelphia. The Frieze Shows the Signing of the Declaration of Independence.

SESQUICENTENNIAL means one-half more than centennial. This presumably superfluous bit of information is offered after consultation with large numbers of educated and literate people who needed it, although within easy reach of their dictionaries. The passion for looking things up is almost as much out of date as the costume of 1876.

With the definition in mind it becomes obviously appropriate that the exposition at Philadelphia should deal especially with the one-half more of years that have elapsed since the Centennial of 1876. The immensity of the task hardly can be realized by the public, and many of those engaged in it had at the outset no conception of its magnitude. The delay in completing the buildings and installations has been sufficiently irritating, but face to face with the operations involved the competence and speed with which they are being carried through become another bit of testimony to the efficiency of the half century represented.

A Half Century of Art

The Fine Arts Building at the time of writing is completed, although only part of the exhibits is in place. These have been assembled with the proper Sesqui idea of illustrating the developments in art during the past half century. There was not enough time, perhaps not enough money, to plan and carry out a logical sequence by which the visitor could make the journey with constantly increasing rapidity from the '70s to the present year, but a number of the earlier artists are represented and take their places among their successors.

At the great Centennial of fifty years ago art was treated rather casually, but it was a period of stirring beginnings and strong personalities. William M. Hunt was in Boston doing some of the best work of his life and reflecting that in another country he might have been a painter. John La Farge was decorating Trinity Church in Boston and preparing for the decoration of St. Thomas's in New York. Whistler in England was "the American artist" at work upon the "Rose Corder," and with the famous "Mother," the "Thomas Carlyle," the "Miss Alexander" already to his credit, as well as the "Princess of the Land of Porcelain" and other of his "Japanese" pictures. In 1876 the Peacock Room was begun. Winslow Homer was painting his charming genre subjects, "The Visit of the Mistress" and "The Song of the Lark," having given up his illustrative work for Harper's Weekly. Frank Duveneck was among the new men who exhibited at the National Academy in the historic exhibition of 1877 that resulted in the formation of the Society of American Artists. The sensation of the Academy exhibition was Duveneck's "Turkish Page," which seems today so conservative and quiet. One of the contemporary criticisms praising it referred to the artless centennial in the following comment: "Ten years with such a start as this and we shall send to the next exposition something better than sewing machines and patent cow milkers. We shall send pictures and statues that will not be shamed by being set alongside the work of France and England."

George Fuller gave up his farming in 1876 and started upon his more remunerative period as an artist. He and Ryder and Chase and J. Alden Weir all belonged to the Society of American Artists, and the last three are represented in the Sesquicentennial collections.

Chase was one of the most versatile of the group and exercised perhaps the widest influence of any. It is a pity they could not have got for the present exposition some of the beautiful early works that revived the memory of his talented youth at the Panama-Pacific. Here three examples show something of his variety, a still life of fish, a group portrait with three figures and "The Fishmonger's Shop." Ryder is seen in one example, "Macbeth and the Witches." There are several Weirs, a sensitive portrait of a woman, a little town, a landscape, all touched with the magic of the artist's pure invigorating style.

So small a representation gives, of course, no basis of comparison between the older and the newer schools, yet seeing these men in the large community of their successors it is possible to infer in them a quality hardly to be found in the latter. Even in Chase, whose vision was accepted as the most objective of his time, one discerns a tendency to wrap the significance of a subject, when this has been determined, carefully in veils; never to report quite bluntly the facts of a case, always to communicate something of the incommunicable in one's expression of a chosen theme. They were continually conscious of the limitations of the visible, and when they least attempted to transcend these limitations they nevertheless implied them.

Linking Past and Present

As one moves toward the immediate present, there are many contacts with later men, for whom also the invisible world exists. With some of them, as with Childe Hassam and Arthur Davies, it is a world evoked by culture, by close acquaintance with the imaginations of the long past and sensitiveness to the more poetic aspects of the present.

Here, for example is Hassam's picture of a little nude among dark rocks, painted in 1912. It is just that, with no obvious literary allusion, nothing of crass illustration in a pseudo-classic idiom, yet what associations with the world of Theocritus it carries, how much is in it of the spirit of the country-loving Syracusan!

"Tis Thyrsis sings, of Etna, and a rare sweet voice hath he.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when Daphnis pined? Ye nymphs, oh where were ye?

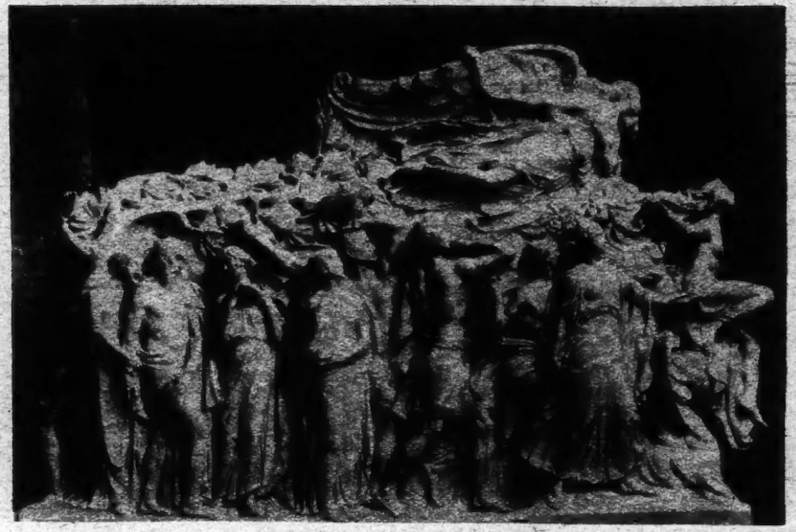
One nymph, at least, was waiting for the brown rock in green shade and the twentieth century.

This interest of association with ideas born of culture is by no means confined to the older painters. It crops up in fertile oases all through the exhibition, which, on the whole, suggests a literal attitude of mind. But whatever attitude of mind is suggested the contemporaneous note has its thrilling command for any truly interested observer. "Why should not one feel," asked Mr. Brownell in one of his early chapters of criticism, "the same quick interest, the same instinctive pride in his time as in his country? Is not sympathy with what is modern, instant, actual, and apposite a fair parallel of patriotism?" Passing through the galleries from the first room, with its memorial groups of Bellows and Metcalf, to the collection of modernists, the consciousness of the world in which we are living today is clearly with us.

The general tendency in collecting the exhibits has been to concentrate upon prize-winners, and this, of course, prevents the pungent flavor of personal choice in the character of the collections. It is fair enough, however, to assume that if there can be an occasion for the discarding of personal choice, it is the occasion of an avowedly historic exposition. All such expositions adopt an impersonal pose, and in spite of it are conquered by the intensity of personality required to produce a work of art. The galleries at the Sesquicentennial are filled with pictures in which personality mocks at prizes even while it takes them.

Names of the artists, taken at random, will indicate to any regular gallery visitor the very wide sweep that has been described. Here are some of them: Fromkes, Raditz, Troccoli, Pearson, Blumenschein, Borie, McCarter, Kroll, Lathrop, Johansen, Ezra Winter, Dunton, Ross Brought and Ross Moffett, Oberteuffer, John Carlson and Emil Carlson, MacEwen and Ipsen and Bellows, Cimiotti, Garber, Lie, Redfield, Folinsbee, Wetherill, Seyffert, Vonnoh, Griffin, Lawson, Luks, Ritman, Frieseke and Miller, Ufer, Sloan, Davey, Higgins, Bernstein, Molarsky, Spencer, Woodbury, Guy Wiggins, Bohm, E. D. Roth, Hawthorne, Cowles, Hudson, Wenger, DuBois, Breckenridge, Rolshoven, Giles, Schofield, Farndon, Harding, Anderson, Grabach, Nordell, Bredin, Sandzen, McLane, Henri—a hundred others.

With such diversity of type and method and subject and outlook it would seem impossible to gain a general impression. Yet one visitor at least put such an impression into words, without any of the argot of criticism. He liked the pictures, he sweepingly told his companion, because they all looked natural. Doubtless, without knowing it, he liked them more for the beauty of the



Group by Isadore Konti at the Exposition.

hanging, a strenuous task and a fine achievement.

The water colors and etchings were not yet hung, nor the work of the group of which Demuth, Preston Dickinson, Nordfeldt, Biddle, Dasburg, Rosen are conspicuous members. These and others of the "advanced" schools are in the exhibition, however, and there will be opportunity enough for any student to follow with reasonable steadiness the larger movement of tendencies in art in this country. Any attempt to get back of this larger movement to the darting, irregular course of talents less belabored by publicity must in any case be undertaken in privacy.

The main thing is to note that in spite of having to do in a couple of months what should have occupied as many years, those responsible for the collections in the Fine Arts Building have got together an impressive series of works both in the field of painting and that of sculpture.

In addition to the American exhibits, a considerable group of Russians occupy one gallery and include two or three large canvases by Burliuk in only one of which he achieves consistent abstraction, and the less expert, more deeply moving "Destruction of the Ghetto" by Abraham Manievich. Another gallery is given to fifty works by the Yugoslav sculptor, Ivan Metrovitch. These include two carved wooden panels, "Christ and the Merchants" and "Madonna and the Angels," outstanding works of their kind, and also three important marble groups, the property of the Yugoslav Government. Many of the works have never been exhibited in the United States and several have never been placed in exhibitions of any kind. None of the sculpture is done in temporary materials, but includes work in marble, bronze and wood. A small collection of prints and seventy oil paintings are also included in the Yugoslav group. Painters among the exhibitors are Ljube Babic, Vladimar Becic, N. Bijelic and Peter Dobronic. A collection which had been arranged for the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in 1915 was unavailable because of the war, which makes this exhibit the first comprehensive showing of Yugoslav art in the United States.

The modern German exhibits were still in their cases. The room to be devoted to Rodin's work was not yet arranged, a few Japanese paintings were temporarily hung, the French gallery was still to be completed, the Persian gallery was felicitous at every point, but especially in its ancient tiles. All this, however, must wait for the Fall harvest properly to be seen, and any comment must be taken as merely a friendly assurance of value to be received.

With that understood, it is pleasure enough to visit the Sesquicentennial without either trying to measure its importance against that of other exhibitions or taking too seriously the merits of individual exhibits. To wander into the grounds at the stage when all sorts of labor is making a good deal of noise, when boards take the place of neatly graveled paths, when feeble little plants put forth a rosy hopeful bloom, when the famous Persian building cranes its domed head to peer over yards of scaffolding, this is to be free to use your imagination and see the whole more clearly than you will ever see it again.

Effect One of Unity

Without the distraction of flying about on the clever little railroad from one building to another, it is possible to observe how, gradually emerging from chaos, a fine standard of taste is being established. The architecture of the buildings already discloses an ideal in which refinement and novelty are happily united. The silhouette of the Pennsylvania building is extraordinarily beautiful and the delicate flush of color on its walls sufficiently signifies the restraint in which the scheme of a "Rainbow City" is to be held. The quietness and dignity of the old American town is curiously echoed in the ambitious modern structure.

The grounds as well as the galleries promise to look "natural." The more or less sensational effects of colossal statuary and elaborate artificial lighting are balanced by the spacing and proportion which have been given extraordinary consideration with admirable result. Gardens and courts, so far as these have been arranged and developed, emphasize the underlying good taste upon which the whole exposition has been formed.

The various notes sent out from the exposition in the interest of publicity include an explanation of the idea of the sculptural ensemble as "that of the nation progressive under the spirit engendered in 1776," and the preliminary glimpse of the exposition as it is now, open, but still in the making, surprisingly suggests just that. Later, perhaps the progressiveness may obliterate more of the spirit of '76; but at the present illuminating moment one sees how stalwartly our initial distinction of plainness has withstood progress. To be plain, even in the degree at present apparent in the Sesquicentennial Exposition, when the occasion is that of celebrating fifty years of physical prosperity, amazing invention and discovery, incredible acceleration of speed in getting from any place to any other place in the world, unquestionably is to have kept the essential virtue of our beginnings.

"Foxgloves," by C. W. Hawthorne.

In the Summer Exhibition at the Knoedler Galleries.

"Fisher Folks, Tynemouth," by Winslow Homer.

In the Summer Exhibition at the Knoedler Galleries.

* * *

TURNING again to the Summer attractions of New York, the eighteenth annual Summer exhibition at the Knoedler Galleries as usual offers a small collection of especially interesting items. A Winslow Homer, "Fisher Folks, Tynemouth," has the charm and graciousness and style which some of his critics deny to any of his work. Painted walls of rose and gray, a graceful woman holding a basket in the doorway, women knitting on either side; children on the steps, rose and blue and violet and gray in the color schemes, beautiful films of color caressing sound young forms. If anything, too much of charm and graciousness and style to suit the taste of the moment, which is more in sympathy with the direct realism of sea pictures.

A Blakelock, finer than most, of medium size, blue in tone, an exciting sky burning with a cold light, tight-curled foliage, a central pool, the pigment ribbed and knotted. Two Sargents, a wood scene and a flower study, hollyhocks growing outdoors. "Sunrise in the Orchard," by George Inness, a red sun coming up from behind spectral trees, the smoke of a brushwood fire, a dim figure.

From these names, widely known and abundantly honored, one may turn with a secret delight to the comparatively unappreciated art of Theodore Robinson in one of its most ingratiating examples. A lady reads a letter among the delicate greens of early Summer. A cat lies near her on the grass. Both figures melt into the landscape without losing the crispness of their characterisation. The color is enchanting—strong and pure and pale. A gentle master who distorts nothing, flatters nothing, sees everything with a pleasant intimacy and clarity.

Close at hand is James M. Hart at his best. Just why he is not sharing the vogue of haircloth and Parian marble vases is difficult to say. Samuel Isham found him, with the rest of the Hudson River School even at its best, lacking the "indefinable gift of style, inseparable from great painting," and one of the Pre-Raphaelite critics of the New Path wrote of one of his paintings exhibited in 1863 that there was nothing in it "surprising or unaccountable" except the forginess of the distant trees and the bright sunshine in the centre of the picture, these resulting from the "Rules of Art" followed by the painter. Supplementing this last criticism, the New Path critic added a bit of explanation worth quoting today when so few critics venture to point the way their artists should go. "In all the scenes of nature," he constructively advises, "great or small, brilliant or gloomy, there are always spots of color, and bright lights or mysterious darks in places where we never should have looked for them; things that we cannot account for and do not understand. So if a picture be not in some respects surprising to us, asserting positively some things which we had never thought of and which we find it hard to believe, it can hardly be true to nature and will certainly not be in any sense great." In the same article Winslow Homer's picture is described as "signed all over with truth."

Various Excellent Examples

There are excellent examples of Gari Melchers, Irving R. Wiles, W. Granville Smith, Louis Dessar and Charles P. Gruppe, each unmistakable in style, and a charming little girl done in pastel by Mary Cassatt has the artist's invariable distinction and a delicacy of workmanship that was not invariable with her. A thinly painted red-haired girl by Robert Reid is a characteristically plaintive version of young beauty. A cathedral by Van Veen fills a large canvas with its intricate façade. Charles Hawthorne forbears to hint at oilskins in his picture of a young woman holding a parasol and looking down at a bed of foxgloves drenched with sunlight, a beautiful picture with flexible contours. Louis Betts is romantic and surprising in his painting of a partly nude figure. The black hair and red drapery and the effect of storm in the background add to the picturesqueness of the work, but its originality and force depend upon the combination of beautiful draftsmanship with extreme freedom of rendering.

"The Caress," by Gari Melchers.

In the Summer Exhibition at the Knoedler Galleries.

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THE PATCHWORK QUILT HAS A REVIVAL

Present Vogue for Quilted Coverlets Revives Handicraft Of Another Day—Indian Rugs and Blankets

By WALTER RENDELL STOREY

THERE is on exhibition at the Art Centre this month a display of unusual bed coverlets.

Hand-woven coverlets, patchwork quilts of various kinds and candlewick counterpanes are now in vogue as coverings for beds—either Colonial four-posters or beds of modern design. Of course these ancient pieces are especially appropriate in rooms where an old-time air is desired.

Choice is not limited to authentic old pieces; specimens made today in the old manner may also be obtained. Some are even decorative enough for hangings in country homes, or woven fabrics, if not too precious, may adorn a couch.

Quilting and the weaving of coverlets are now being revived, and modern examples of a Colonial art in many instances achieve a high standard of merit. County fairs all over the country, in their display of quilts modern and ancient, show the present-day interest in this household art.

Those on exhibition at the Art Centre, although not many, are notable for their beauty and their variety of technique. Several have a history, with the names of the original owner and maker known. One was made in Fredericksburg, Va., where Barbara Frietchie became famous. On a background of white linen spun and woven at home, within squares of quilting, are sprays of different flowers and fruits. There are columbines and pansies, with bunches of cherries, grapes and strawberries in brilliant coloring.

These decorations have all been cut out of old printed cretonnes and painstakingly inset into the linen—not sewed on, as in the form of patchwork quilts. The name of the maker—"C. Susan Thomas, September, 1847"—is worked in the face of the quilt.

More elaborate and showing greater skill in the design is a quilt that carries a spray design over the entire centre, with a zigzag design of cretonne for a border. The graceful branch with its leaves and flowers is made entirely of colored bits of printed cotton set into the white linen background. This inset could be accomplished only by a person highly skilled in the use of a needle.

An inset quilt with a geometrical design known as "Lady Finger," in lavender and dark blue on a white background, carefully quilted, illustrates the simpler designs often used. This coverlet, however, is overshadowed by one hanging near by, made in New York about 150 years ago. A flowering pomegranate tree covers the centre of the coverlet and beautiful pheasants arching their graceful tails appear beneath it. A border of simple design follows the edge of the quilt. Two corners of this ancient piece have been cut out so as to allow it to be used on a four-poster bed.

Patchwork quilts are represented in the exhibition by several interesting examples of this more widely done manner. One carries a gorgeous "Rising Sun" design. This multi-colored pattern of tiny bits of brightly hued calico radiates from a central sunburst. Close examination of the pieces discloses quaint designs in fabrics now seen no more.

Quilts were made in this country from the earliest times. A patchwork coverlet containing red and yellow tulips suggests its Pennsylvania German ancestry. New England, the Middle Western States and the Blue Ridge mountain districts supplied others.

The inset style of decorating quilted coverlets is also a European art. Some examples are shown in this interesting exhibit. Here is one that at first glance might be mistaken for a Cashmere shawl. It was made in England and cunningly constructed out of strips of printed cotton pieced and patched together so as to form a balanced design. A Brittany bed covering of closely quilted yellow cotton with tiny nosegays sprinkled over it suggests the quilted skirts of that region, now popular as hangings and for upholstery use. Contrasting with this is a quilt of patchwork made in Portugal many years ago, its surface a wonderful wine red.

There is on display one example of the woven blue and white coverlet. Sometimes these coverlets were made by professional weavers and sometimes they were the product of a home loom. The variety of patterns was very great and almost all of them were of beautiful design. The one on display was doubtless a dower coverlet, for it carries two eagles with hearts woven on their breasts. Eagles and stars and birds in tree branches with squirrels and other small animals make this specimen a delightful piece. Into it is woven: "The Property of Ann Lozier, 1834."

Patchwork quilts are not confined to any particular age. Even the inset method was used in Renaissance times, and the blue woven coverlets trace their past to Europe also, where English and French weavers practiced their art long before Puritans and French Huguenots came to America with it.

The demand for white bedspreads in the latter half of the last century was the reason for the loss of many of these fine bits of quilting or woven work. Now, however, with the vogue for early American things, attics and trunks are being ransacked for these mementos.

Many designs often would be incorporated in one spread. There were the shell design, the fan, the feather, the pineapple, the ocean wave. Great beauty is shown in the quilting stitches, which sometimes run indiscriminately over patches, design and background. Sometimes a separate pattern on quilting would be worked on the patchwork and another quilted into the background.

In a comprehensive book by Marie D. Webster, entitled "Quilts," more than 165 names and patterns of quilting and patchwork are listed. These show how much a part of the life of the times was the making of these coverlets: Rose of Sharon, Confederate Rose, Lincoln's Platform. Then there were names smacking of country humor: Blindman's Fancy, Hair Pin Catcher, Bachelor's Puzzle, or the poetic Tree of Paradise.

***

NOT content with Summer homes, Americans are now developing lodges and camps more or less rough in architecture and situated very close to nature. For the interior decoration if these temporary homes, the products of more primitive arts and crafts that usually appear in town and county dwellings are being used. Of these furnishings American Indian blankets, beadwork and pottery are growing in favor.

The vogue for Spanish-American houses and interiors, especially in the Southwest and in California, has had something to do with the increased use of Indian crafts in home decoration. Spanish-American architecture is itself partly Indian, as the blending of the adobe style of construction with that of Spanish architecture shows. Indian blankets and pottery fit naturally into these homes suggestive of the early America of the Southwest.

A fieldstone fireplace and rough-hewed woodwork make an admirable setting for Navajo rugs and Indian blankets. The warm reds and strong blacks and whites of these woven fabrics agree with the simplicity of a mountain lodge or of a shack on the shore of a trout lake. Even to an informally decorated living room of a country home or country club an Indian blanket may lend appropriate color. Pottery and basketry suggest the great open spaces. On suburban porches their bright hues and strong patterns combine well the modern note of color and design in porch furniture.

Striking Indian Craftwork

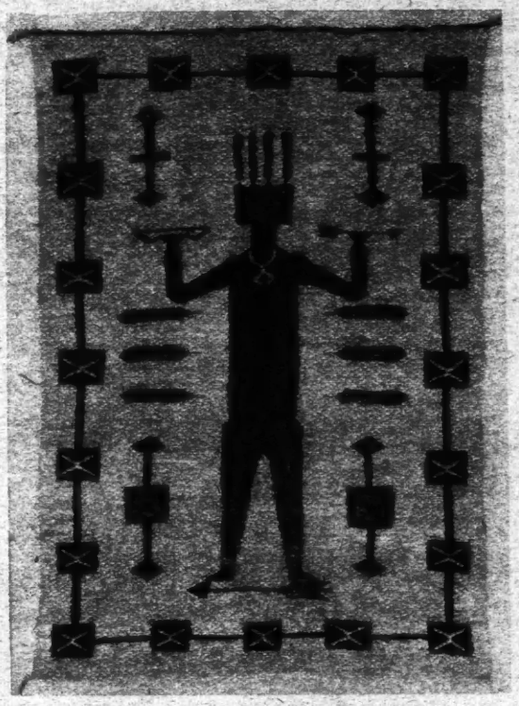
American Indian craftwork is of such striking individuality that great care must be taken in placing a blanket, bowl or basket in a room of ordinary furnishings. Of course if you are a collector of Indian blankets, for example, you will not be content to have only one or two on the floor of a room. Nor will you, perhaps, want to restrict yourself to rugs of an appropriate color. But for decorative purposes, Indian art should contribute to the general effect as an exotic accent, and is best used in an informally arranged apartment.

Indian pottery is now being used as lamp bowls, especially the black, shiny surfaced ones made by the Pueblo Indians. These, when fitted with a parchment shade reflecting an Indian decorative motive, easily become a part of almost any room ensemble of diversified types of furniture.

A pottery bowl in the traditional

(Continued on Page 23)

Old Quilt, With Inset Design, Made by a New York Gentlewoman a Century Ago. The Cut Out Corners Indicate Use on Four-Poster Bed.



A Rare Navajo Blanket, With the Figure of a God.

Courtesy of Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation.

ENGLAND'S UNINVITED GUESTS

(Continued from Page 11)

portunely met, would be genuinely invited to some other party by one or another of his new acquaintances, who accepted the mere fact of his being at Lady So-and-So's as sufficient social guarantee.

One or two awkward situations arose in this way. There would be some scandal, or the hint of it. An inquiring father or brother would discover the new acquaintance to be not all he pretended, even, perhaps, not all that could be wished. "Where did you get to know this fellow?" The guaranteeing fact of the meeting at Lady So-and-So's would be trotted out. Further indignant investigation would reveal that Lady So-and-So had never heard of her strange guest.

Immediately the full wrath of parents, brothers and young ladies themselves would be turned upon the innocent hostess. "She should take some precaution to protect her friends and guests against such unpleasant experiences."

Lady So-and-So firmly resolved that she would!

Political Hostesses as Victims

It has been discovered, though it is not being talked about, that one or two of the U. Guests actually created a complete social life for themselves out of a few ventures to parties to which they had not been invited. These consolidated their position cleverly by going up to and claiming acquaintance with their first unknowing hostess as soon as they met her again at some one else's house, reminding her of some quite imaginary meeting "in the constituency" or at some other public affair.

They had carefully chosen political hostesses, since no one in politics can possibly remember every one he has met, while faulty memory might often prove damaging—particularly if the stranger says he hails from "the constituency." Constituents are very sensitive to affront, hence the political hostess could usually be relied upon to reply with cordiality, and the social impostor got his credentials properly OK'd.

England, however, is far too small—English Society with the big "S" too limited in point of numbers—for this kind of imposition to go on indefinitely. Soon the absence of confirming friends would be felt and the intruder dropped, even were it not actually discovered what he was.

Undoubtedly the careers, however brief, of the few uninvited guests successful enough to "break in" have done more toward making hostesses take the matter seriously than spectacular burglaries themselves based upon spying done by scouts masquerading as guests could ever have done.

To an Englishman the social danger is much worse than the criminal danger. Well appointed gangs of thieves mustering smart members able to hold their own invariably had sense enough to date the burglary at some length of time from the party at which plans and observations were made. If the burglars were caught afterward the fact would only be brought home to one family, the "burgled" one; but in the case of the social adventurer who had moved on from spurious to genuine guestdom it was forcibly brought home to every family that had entertained and introduced the outsider.

In any case, London's hostesses are now determined. Uninvited presence at famous houses will soon be impossible. In a spasm of anxiety society is even now busy checking up on its "dark horses," individuals whose introductions and antecedents are not well known. If some of them are found not to come "up to scratch" they will be discarded immediately.

Meanwhile the more or less simple and uninteresting members of the U. Guest clan who were satisfied to be just U. Guests all their lives, not aspiring to more than unauthorized glimpses of the great with a good stand-up supper thrown in, are lamenting the fact that London is to be deprived of one more "harmless pleasure"!

THE CHARM OF NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 9)

Inn, to play at Coney Island and Luna Park."

William Allen White, who put Emporia on the map and journalized all Kansas, was more leisurely, but every bit as personal. "The visitor must remember," he pointed out, "that in seeing New York he is seeing two marvelous things, the raw material of the America that will be in the next generation and the finished product of the America that is and has been. New York is the Alpha and the Omega of American life, the worst and the best, the redeemed promise and the living menace.

"Personally, I happen to like Carnegie Hall and the symphony concerts, Allen Street or First Avenue of a Spring night, Forty-second Street, between Lexington and Eighth Avenues; Gramercy Square, Fifth Avenue, from the arch to the park; Broadway at night, the roof of any tall building in the 40s on a cold Winter day, with the steam jets rising like white plumes and the pearl colored mist hiding the roofs of the town in mystery. Or a view of the harbor from any downtown building above the thirtieth story. Or the park at twilight, with lights coming out.

"It is all beautiful, all magnificent, all horrifying, and I think in each of these places of the beauty that was Eden and the injustice that was Babylon. In the rest of the world there is nothing else so lovely and so terrible as New York."

What most of the visitors ask to see is a different matter. Coming as they do from all parts of the United States, their questions reveal the quirks of human curiosity and the queer fragments of city information that have filtered through the country.

Three bus men discussed it, leaning against the cool gray flanks of their long monster on the corner of Forty-third and Broadway. "D'yuh want to know what building most of them ask for?" It was the conductor who spoke, a dark youth with serious eyes. The lean megaphone man parroted him, then strung together a necklace of bright patter and flung it over one shoulder. "It ain't the museum and it ain't the Woolworth Tower. It's the Little Church Around the Corner."

Other Things They See

He paused to note the effect of this on a passing flapper, then continued: "Of course, they ask about the Woolworth Building, want to know if you can see snowcaps on top of it. Some lady usually wants us to stop in front of a Fifth Avenue store for a minute. They ask for the Statue of Liberty, too, and Brooklyn Bridge. Oh, and they all want to know where 'Abie's Irish Rose' is. Then some of them want to see the houses of famous families, especially if there's been a shooting or a divorce. Funny thing, you can always tell a Southerner. They get mad over General Sherman's statue and General Grant's Tomb. One day two ladies sat still for a long time after everybody else got out. Then one of them kind of sighed and said: 'Well, Lucy, reckon we all might as well look at the damyankee. Anyhow, he's dead.'"

Asked for their own choice of interest, the bus men disagreed, as New Yorkers always do. Then one of them tossed in a curious phrase, and they all nodded. Wise in the ways of sightseers and monuments, experts on the city, they chorused earnestly—"If you really want to know, the thing we're most interested in's a square crook."

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AGENTS WANTED

MILLIONS OF DIMES PASS TO THE GRIFTER

(Continued from Page 2)

of examining his targets and seeing that they are all properly set up, and no one who has not been forewarned notices anything amiss. The shillaber now throws hard and accurately. If he hits a cat, it falls to the ground, and so the prizes are won and sales resistance broken down.

Many of the booths now seen at resort parks are developments of the old "flash-and-slum joints," booths where flashy prizes are exhibited to lure the player, who never manages to win anything but petty brummagem. In the old days these booths were tricked in various ways. Some were fishponds. The little wooden fish contained a slot in which was a celluloid sliding ticket bearing a number at either end.

If the shillaber played he angled out a fish with the number 11, let us say, on one end of the ticket and 1 on the other end. No. 11 won a fine prize, while No. 1 got a bit of glass or some other penny prize. The grifter, detaching the fish from the shillaber's hook, pressed out the ticket from the left side of the fish, showing 11, and the confederate walked away with the silver water pitcher. But, if John Sucker angled out the same fish, the grifter pressed out the ticket from the right side showing No. 1, and the easy mark got what he did not want.

Each season brings one or two novelties. In Chicago and one or two other cities are large factories which employ clever inventors and designers to turn out fresh games with novel gimmicks and trick attached. These men work twelve months a year, devising and perfecting their marvels for the grifters. Special catalogues are issued and circulated only in the "confidential trade." In these interesting booklets one may find anything from loaded dice and cunningly marked cards to the most elaborate Summer park mechanisms costing several thousand dollars.

One of the neatest gimmicks seen in recent years is applied to the swinging ball and tenpin game. Two large bowling pins stand on the counter, about eight inches apart. Suspended by a chain or flexible wire fixed to the roof exactly above the pins hangs a ten-inch bowling ball. The game is to draw back the ball and let it swing inward toward the rear of the booth in such manner that it will knock down both pins on the return swing.

The trick presents a problem in simple physics. Since the two pins stand under the mooring of the ball in the direct plumb line, it is necessary to pull the ball aside a little to let it pass the shoulder of the right or left hand pin on its propelling or inward journey. Naturally, the ball describes a narrow ellipse in returning and swings clear of the pins. The puzzled sucker tries the thing again and again, passing the ball as close to the shoulder of the pin as he can, but always there is the elliptical swing, and futility. But the moment the shillaber or the grifter takes hold of the ball it travels away and swings back almost as straight as a pendulum. Down go the tenpins and open flies the mouth of the gull.

Shows How It Is Done

Willie Smartaleck appears with his best girl and tries the game. He tries and tries, but to no avail.

"You don't get the idea, son," says the grifter. "Let the little laydee try it. I'll bet a million she can do it."

So the girl steps and is instructed by the grifter. He does it all with a flourish and many words. Finally he picks up the right-hand pin, wipes it off solicitously with his hand and sets it down on its marked spot with great care, like a legerdemain artist. The girl pulls back the ball, lets it fly just past the shoulder of the right-hand pin—and back it comes in a straight line, knocking the tenpins flat.

The crowd guffaws, the girl receives her prize and others crowd in to show what they can do, while the grifter keeps dropping dimes into his till. The whole trick is thus explained: The right-hand pin has been sloped off ever so little on the bottom with a wood-rasp, so that it leans to one side when standing. Because of the curved shape of the pins this is not noticeable, even though the pin, when in the normal position, leans outward a full inch at the top.

Naturally, when the pin is set up leaning outward the ball cannot be slid past its shoulder without being forced to describe the useless ellipse in returning. But when the grifter wants the player to win he picks up the pin, makes the pretense of dusting it off and sets it down again leaning inward toward the other pin. Now the ball passes its shoulder enough further to the left to avoid the elliptical motion and swings back in the pendular line, hitting the pins and winning the prize.

When you play such games again look for the gimmick and see if you are astute enough to find it. I may venture an opinion on this point in advance: You are not.

KIPLING REVEALS SWIFT TO US

(Continued from Page 14)

game of solitaire. And no man ever enjoyed himself more thoroughly over a piece of writing than did Swift as he elaborated the adventures of Gulliver. The children get the point at once. They know a playmate when they find him.

That Swift had his little ways cannot be denied. He liked to tell and he liked to be an anecdote. In parting from his friends he would express the grim hope that they might never meet again. And when the cook brought in the meat too well roasted he would ask her to take it back into the kitchen and do it less. But that the critics, like the cook, should have taken him seriously must be causing him today an exquisite amusement. There is something to be said, after all, for appointing professors of literature who can see a joke.

Even in the distressful country that bred Charlie Chaplin there may be a taste for comedy. And the notion that comedy must wear a grin, though it prevails in colleges, is too crude for crowds. Great humorists do not laugh invariably at their own wit. And Swift's solemnity was in itself a smile. He was the Buster Keaton of the early eighteenth century—this man whom highbrows suppose to be Hamlet.

If Swift had a fault it was that, in his utter sanity applied to style, to worship, to habit, to money, he drove an active imagination with too tight a rein. His ideal was exactitude, the proper word in the proper place, and even in conversation so much time to a given thought, so much and no more, no less. Trained, moreover, in ascendency he was an absolute autocrat, sparing neither himself nor others. Even as a guest he managed the house of his host—lecturing the servants, arranging the gardens and even cutting down the trees.

His Real Inconsistency

That would have been all right perhaps, if Swift had really obeyed the laws of nature. But, in actual fact, he denied himself what nature declared to be his due. It was not merely that, when Vanessa pursued him, he declined to be caught. That may have been unkind, but there was Stella to be remembered. The real inconsistency lay in a love for Stella which ended only with her death, and in a marriage with her which yet left husband and wife living apart. By no means indifferent to sex Swift was as celibate as St. Anthony desired to be.

With a vivid imagination he was naturally subject to idiosyncrasies, whimsical at times and not always wholesome. A quick brain that should have been absorbed in the tasks of a journalism which he helped found lay for months fertile indeed, but fallow. And the weeds were at times noxious. Malice and obscenity are among them. But the malice was usually the tilt at a tournament in which such thrust were the game. And the obscenity was a reflection of the period. The essential Swift was not the tares but the wheat, a man of inflexible justice, who ridiculed his race as Yahoos yet brought his Gulliver home again, time after time, to the arms of a loving and faithful spouse and to the welcome of a numerous and admiring brood of children.

RIDING IN A JAPANESE TRAIN

By DIANE O'CONNELL.

AFTER one's first ride in a rickshaw in Japan the next curious experience is to watch the ways of the natives in a railway train. The railways in Japan are narrow gauge, the seats running sidewise, as in our street cars. Everything is on a smaller scale than we are accustomed to. In consequence, one nearly always bumps one's head when entering a railway carriage, and reaches for the handle of the door much higher up than it really is.

On the journey from Yokohama to Tokio the strange ways of Japanese travelers keep the stranger interested. They squat on the seats, with their feet tucked up under them, surrounded by neatly folded haori coats and by bundles tied up in brightly colored "furushiki" or handkerchiefs.

Some of the men in European dress remove their shoes and the train boy supplies them with slippers. Their elastic-sided boots, with the "geta" or clogs of those in native costume, stand on the floor, a stumbling block to the unwary. Down the middle of the car there is a profusion of brass spittoons, so that any one walking through the car has to run an obstacle race to get to his seat.

It is only eighteen miles from Yokohama to Tokio, but the native travelers could not endure the journey without something to eat. So at every station vendors came along with pots of scalding green tea, bottles of lemonade, tansan water and a soft drink for which the Japanese have a positive passion, called "champagne cider." One could even get small stone bottles full of hot "sake," or rice wine, which tastes like a mixture of chloroform and sweet champagne.

Other vendors sold cigar boxes full of "O Bento," the honorable rice sandwich. When one buys a small box and curiously explores it, one finds a roll of rice cake encased in green seaweed; a cold, leather-like piece of omelet, a piece of ginger, pink slices of raw fish, tough, white slices of octopus and some small round black balls, nature unknown. The box is daintily tied up with red and white cords, under which are thrust a pair of "hashi" or chopsticks.

Passing to and fro down the aisle gives the Japanese an opportunity to exhibit their ceremonial manners. They side past one another with bent head; they hiss politely, bowing many times as they pass. Getting out of the train is a serious business; they take leave of their friends, walk backward to the carriage door, bowing to the ground, never heeding the fact that they are blocking the gangway for the other passengers.

The Japanese seem to have no self-consciousness. In a railway carriage they will eat, sleep, change their clothes, sing, intone classic poems and get gloriously drunk on tiny bottles of "sake." One old gentleman removed his false teeth and cleaned them, while mothers suckled their babies quite unconcernedly.

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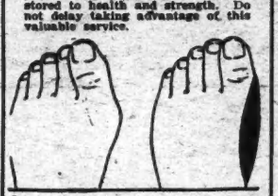

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CHESTERTON SURVEYS BERNARD SHAW AT 70

(Continued from Page 1)

position; we have heard little of it of late; and it is probable that experience alone would show it to be quite unworkable. Men could not possibly act, especially rapidly, without the ready reckoner of morality. The last glimpse of it perhaps was in Bernard Shaw's perverse pose in the great war when he scoffed at a scrap of paper because it was a scrap of paper. It is an excellent example of that very unpractical sort of practicality. For it is precisely the practical and prosaic business of the world that does demand the abstract sanctity of promises and contracts.

Literary men may scorn scraps of paper; although they live by them. Shopkeepers do not. Poor people who do the work of the world do not. The wastepaper basket has often saved the literary man; but that does not make it economical to waste paper.

Nevertheless, there is a sense in which Shaw is and always has been a Socialist. In that sense he is perhaps the last Socialist. It is even possible that he was the first. I mean that his social sense, or public spirit, is so deep that he really assumes it in himself and everybody else. When he said we must act for the general good and not for the ideal, he did assume that people not restrained by the ideal would still be restrained by the general good. The truth is, of course, that individuals not acting for ideals would act simply for their individual selves. As we shall see, this did become more and more clear to him, but for the moment I would only remark something magnificent in this assumption of magnanimity. Intellectually, if the hackneyed phrase can still be used, Bernard Shaw is very much of a gentleman. There is in him not a little of that ideal aristocrat who can enter the public service only out of public spirit. Many Socialists have been men of that kind—Hyndman and Cunninghame Grahame. But the immediate point here is that Shaw and his friends at this stage supposed the State to be quite static; it was an absolute. For instance, you could destroy the family and leave the State. The fact is that if you destroy the family you will only leave the individual; and a very horrid individual, too.

Now with his gradual realization that the public were not as public spirited as he was comes the next important change in his thoughts. He began more and more to ask not for the improvement of laws or the improvement of votes, but only for the improvement of voters. The great critic of ideals became the most inhuman of idealists. He was ready to scrap all humanity for the sake of his ideal human being. But he still scoffed at the idea of producing him by education; he wanted to produce him by evolution.

At this point the whole business of evolution and eugenics begins to play a part, and it is part of an attempt to make a positive religion. From the first, of course, he dismissed the discredited myth of Darwinism, with its notion of brutes trampling and tyrannising and cheating and eating each other for the sake of the survival of the fittest. He could see that that was only the survival of the filthiest. If he dreamed of breeding human beings, at least he dreamed of breeding somebody tolerably well bred.

An Inconclusive Conclusion

The whole of this notion of evolution by will producing higher and higher types can be found in "Man and Superman" and still more in "Back to Methuselah." It is something a little nearer to a positive ideal than the mere opportunism of "The Quintessence of Ibsenism." But it is hardly satisfactory; and it is possible that it would even boast of being unsatisfactory. Progress often means getting tired of everything in turn. If each evolutionary change is a leap in the dark, who is to say if it is a leap toward the light? How are we to test the contrary variants of evolution unless there is an eternal test of truth? Any one reading the eloquent conclusion of "Back to Methuselah" must feel that the conclusion is very inconclusive. It is emphatically not "enough that there is always a beyond." It might be beyond endurance. It might be beyond pardon.

I conclude therefore, in no small spirit of satisfaction or triumph, that Bernard Shaw has not found the rope that will bind the wild world together. He has not found the religion which will hold men to a high standard of social service even if it releases them from merely conventional standards of social servility. He has not found, as he has most certainly and heroically sought, something that will hold men from the inside while leaving them free of too much formality outside; which will make a man assert himself against everything and still sacrifice himself for everybody.

I will not discuss here whether the problem which he has failed to solve can be solved at all. I will only say that for some of us it is exactly this that makes most interesting and almost thrilling the fact that such a man should have seen pass before him, as in a vision, the pageant of the medieval order. I do not mean for a moment that he seriously favors that order as a solution of that problem. But that he should even have paused upon it, so imaginatively, so magnanimously, so understandingly, and in the main so truly, is something which makes his age inspiring and which his youth would have found incredible. He has progressed. Or, if he prefers it, evolved. Or, better still, he is one of the few men who have grown up—and not grown down.

NEW FISH AT THE AQUARIUM

(Continued from Page 6)

horns) didn't seem to be interested in much of anything.

The red hogfish appeared a little more active. Perhaps they were trying to draw attention to their unusual blue eyes. And the Atlantic green turtles were serenely cool and beautiful, displaying a kind of heavy grace as they swam up and down the tank.

Some of the fish took refuge from time to time in the little rocky homes within their tanks. It would appear that fish, like mortals, enjoy occasional privacy. The mudfish, with distressingly human expression, seemed to wonder a little about the people who looked at him; wondered, perhaps, if humans mightn't be considered a bit odd, too, in their strange styles and with their restless ways. There were representatives of the famous little seahorse family, looking so like illustrations for a fairy story, or like monograms on smart note paper.

A crocodile remained perfectly motionless, his jaws wide open, as if exemplifying the hope that springs eternal. Many horseshoe crabs were active. It gave one a chance to see their feet beneath the heavy shells. "As active underneath as they are passive above," was Miss Mellen's description.

A booby sat on a perch in a tank and watched two little penguins entertaining a crowd. The very best of friends are these penguins, and particularly happy now—for recently they were separated, when one had a cold. That was a very lonely time.

The brown pelicans expanded their throats and gulped down little fishes, to the amusement of the onlookers. Over a million fish a year, in addition to those that come from the ocean, lakes and rivers, are hatched in the Aquarium's hatcheries.

The Aquarium is cool and quiet. After the blazing sun and the noise and the shrill voices of people and the hot, hurrying crowds, it strikes one as a peculiarly tranquil place.

MUSKRAT COUNTRY IS PAGAN

(Continued from Page 18)

to work, and no native of the swamps wanted to work "steady" there or anywhere.

Such ownership is not taken seriously by the descendants of free-booters. Nor, for that matter, did the legal owners press their rights while rat skins were selling for a few pennies. The swamp, by the common law, is free shootin' and free trapping. Our barefoot pagans recognize only the property rights that immediately skirt the bayou rim. Back of the rim is the deep swamp, No Man's Land and Everyman's Land.

True, the restrictions that are being put on the trapper by the owners are not particularly severe. Rather are they conservation measures. Great leasing companies, representing the property owners, will lease so many hundred acres to a trapper for about $300. All that he, as an individual, can trap on his leasehold is his for the selling. Nicely balanced modern calculations show just how many acres one man can work without depleting the muskrat seed stock.

The lessee's only liability is to see to it that no other trappers poach on his land—certainly a rule that is to the interests of the rent payer.

"Nom de Dieu! Mak' troubl' with me an' mon cousin," shrugs Jean Ribeau. Everybody is cousin to everybody else in the muskrat country, and nobody gives a tinker's damn what the law has to say about it. There are bootleg pelt buyers a-plenty. The duly licensed and bona fide leaseholders took 5,000,000 rat pelts out of the swamps last year. As each leaseholder has at least one "cousin" to receive his illegal hospitalities, the reader can count up for himself how many rats may have got on the market last year through the bootleg channels.

The trapper is willing to let the world go its way—to know no more of it than the thin line of smoke clouds that mark the distant course of ocean-bound steamers, where the Mississippi cuts its way through the delta. Half of the trappers have never been to the city. More than half of them do not attempt to speak English. The trappers aren't trying to take New York's New York from it.

"Dat Noo Yo'k, I lak to know if he haf ducks. * * * Nom de Dieu, I guess you must hate dat Noo Yo'k."

Thus does the trapper settle for all time the problem of comparative civilizations, so perplexing to the highbrows.

SEDAN CHAIRS ARE USED IN HONGKONG

As Hongkong is very hilly, rickshaws cannot go up the steep hill to the Peak, where Government House is situated, overlooking the beautiful harbor. There is a little cog tramway running to the top, but most people prefer to be carried in a bamboo sedan chair, which is fixed on poles, and carried on the shoulders of two coolies. Hongkong is a mass of parks and gardens, which look out on the harbor. Reclining in a sedan chair and soothed by the gentle swaying, the passenger feels that he is in the luxurious Orient at last!

There is one drawback, however, to the sedan chair—as there is to its twin, the "kago" of Japan. Orientals are not so tall as Americans, and a tall man with long legs has a terrible time getting comfortably settled for his ride. One should really have collapsible limbs, like the tripod of a camera, when getting into Oriental conveyances—or even when sitting on the floor of a tea house.

The Little Coupon With the Big Message

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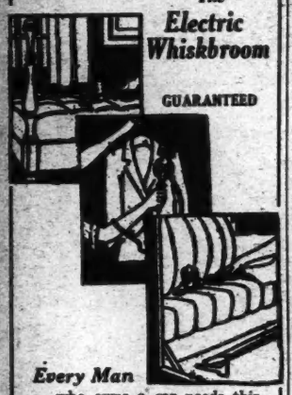

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'UPTOWN WALL STREET' GROWS WEALTHY

(Continued from Page 8)

find both banking facilities and a market in the new district. Even the five-and-ten-cent stores have found profitable homes on Fifth Avenue.

And the real estate brokers point out that the legal profession, which for years held the fetich that it must have offices within shouting distance of the downtown banks, has begun a migration to the midtown section. Fifteen years ago the number of important law offices in this district could be counted on the fingers of the hand. Today the terraced sky-scrapers of this new section are filled with them and others are hunting office space still not completely built. One lawyer who recently moved up from Wall Street said that his clients among Stock Exchange members seemed glad of his move. It gave them an excuse, he added with a smile, to start uptown at ten minutes of 3 once in a while instead of ten minutes after.

In addition to these groups the real estate men point to an increase of savings bank buildings in the vicinity, of trust companies, of brokers' offices and bond and mortgage companies. Rail and travel offices have recently joined the migration, both the Great Northern Railway and the Northern Pacific have taken buildings on Fifth Avenue for long terms of years.

In further support of the real estate expert's contention that anything may happen when millions of people make a gigantic effort to defy the physical limitations of their space, there is the history of real estate prices.

A hundred and forty years ago Wall Street had only one bank. The spot where Fifth Avenue crosses Forty-second Street was in the country. Near it were running streams "plentifully filled with fish." It was in 1793 that Alexander Hamilton sold his modest home on the south side of Wall Street for $12,000. The lot measured 42 by 108 feet. Similar lots ninety years before, when Wall Street first changed from a defensive barrier of earth and logs into a lane, sold for less than $1,000. In 1700 the lot on which the banking house of J. P. Morgan now stands sold for $815. In 1706 a lot 25 by 166 feet on the north side of Wall Street sold for $580.

Realty Prices of Today

Today a lot of 25 by 100 feet in a favorable location in the Wall Street financial district is worth about $500,000. In the vicinity of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street the present prices of land exceed this figure at least 50 per cent. A lot 25 by 100 feet on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street might sell at $750,000; and might be bid higher, according to competent real estate men.

Up to this point the bankers agree with the real estate men, explaining that the growth of the city and the traffic situation are jointly responsible for the movement toward midtown, but when it is suggested that the new "uptown Wall Street" may some day overshadow in importance its downtown parent, they decline to participate in the dream, even for fun. To hint that the traditional financial heart of the western world might ever shift from the vicinity of the one true Wall Street, they contend is a form of absurdity which borders both on idiocy and blasphemy.

The bankers point to the huge property investment at the lower end of the island, an investment, by the way, which is increasing day by day. Even now in spite of the uptown trend, a half dozen new skyscrapers are being built in the lower district, and others, including the historic Mills Building, down Broad Street from Morgan's, are being demolished to be built anew. Among these the 50 Broadway Building and the Mills Building will have thirty-five stories each. Trinity Court will have twenty-four and the Seamen's Bank will have fourteen. A modern skyscraper costs from $5,000,000 to $30,000,000, as they build them in Wall Street. The district is as full of them as a grove is of trees. Wall Street is anchored by them. It is pinned down by the Stock Exchange, by the Clearing House, by the Federal Reserve Bank. It is bound by traditions. It can never move.

The real estate enthusiasts, however, decline to bind themselves by any such limitations. When millions of men and women decide to live in one spot, they explain, anything may happen. If the New York Stock Exchange should decide to move to Forty-second Street, the greatest burden, they hold, would fall on the linemen of the telephone and telegraph companies. After all, modern finance has come to be a matter of telephone calls and signatures. Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand transactions on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange follow telephonic instruction from somewhere. What difference from where?

A wired order from Chicago is executed with the same dispatch as a phone order from upstairs in the Stock Exchange Building. Modern methods of communication have been so perfected, what with telephones, telegraph, teleautograph and pneumatic tubes, that the Stock Exchange would function just as well in the Bronx as at the corner of Broad and Wall, should some Aladdin cause its removal without breaking a wire. This is a real estate opinion to which no banker or broker would subscribe without a long list of provisos. Although it sounds plausible there are many elements left out of consideration.

In any case, events and not argument will settle the matter, but probably not very soon.

Downtown Wall Street, to take a conservative view, is not by any means ready to surrender its position, either on account of the menacing gestures of the great god traffic, or in pique because fortune has smiled on rival territory. Once the haunt of statesmen, a lounging place of fashion, and, of late, the business home of the nation's commercial leaders, it fully expects to maintain its supremacy as the financial heart of the Western world, even though a new uptown financial district of more local character and more local importance arises and grows great. The growth of the city should be able to feed the "uptown Wall Street," but it is the growth and prosperity of the nation with which the great financial institutions of downtown are most concerned.

Business and commerce have a natural tendency to concentrate. Concentration, in New York, means congestion. Perhaps it is well for Wall Street to be relieved, at the expense of a new section, of the congestion which now harasses it.

TANGIER IS NO MAN'S LAND

(Continued from Page 7)

however, by the international conference of Algeciras, participated in by the principal world powers, including the United States. It has been asserted on good authority that Theodore Roosevelt was the guiding spirit in the Algeciras settlement, that he was impelled to take an active part because of his eagerness to avert a European imbroglio. This conference formulated the Act of Algeciras, which embodied an international administrative program for Morocco, and in a general way defined the fields of interest of the various powers. Relative harmony reigned for several years thereafter.

Germany was subsequently eliminated from the field of North Africa, an elimination made doubly conclusive by her defeat in the World War. Italy now, in a sense, is taking Germany's place in the knot of international complications that have succeeded the collapse of Abd-el Krim. Italy is endeavoring to bring about a new international conference on Moroccan affairs, on the ground that her interests in North Africa and in the Mediterranean entitle her to a voice in whatever fresh settlements are arrived at.

In all the various conventions adopted the neutral status of Tangier had been guarded. A definite and detailed agreement for the administration of the zone of Tangier was drawn up in Paris in 1923 and is now in force, but so many difficulties have been encountered under it that there is at present a strong movement for its revision. Spain, of course, wants the city included in her own zone, which embraces the Tangier zone on the land side, and has recently placed a customs cordon in an effort to starve the city to such a point that the other powers will agree to a revision.

Tangier is technically a part of the Cherifian Empire and is governed officially by the Sultan's representative, the Mendoub. This official has almost complete control over the native population. The natives are governed by their own laws. For others international and civil criminal codes are administered by mixed tribunals presided over by British, French and Spanish Judges. The Government of Tangier is in the hands of an administrator and two assistant administrators of British, French and Spanish nationalities. There is a representative Assembly composed of twenty-six members of eight nationalities, elected by their compatriots. Legislation is subject to the scrutiny of a Committee of Control, consisting of the Consuls General of the powers adhering to the Tangier Statute.

The United States and Italy were not consulted in the framing of the Tangier statute and have never adhered to it. Therefore they enjoy a special and in some respects advantageous status. They still claim all the rights granted them under their old treaties with the Cherifian Government, and their subjects are exempt from the various taxes imposed by the international administration.

This has one amusing effect. The only moral legislation ventured upon in the statute of Tangier was the prohibition of gambling. When the statute came into operation all the gambling houses closed down. Then it was discovered that Italians and Americans were exempt from this prohibition. Immediately the gambling house proprietors had their leases made out in the names of Italians and promptly reopened. There are now seventeen places, running wide open, specializing in roulette and chemin de fer. Americans have had no part in the conduct of the gambling houses because of the disapproval of the American Government, whose word is law for the small American colony in Tangier.

An American or an Italian cannot be arrested in Tangier by any officers other than his own diplomatic representatives or their deputies, unless he is actually imperiling the safety of himself or others. Even then he must be turned over immediately to American or Italian officials.

The city itself is quite as much a mélange of nationalities as is the Government that rules it. Of its 50,000 inhabitants, 30,000 are Mohammedans, 12,000 Jews, 6,000 Spaniards and 1,800 French. There are a few hundred other Europeans, principally English and Italian. The English have large commercial interests in the city and maintain a skillful diplomatic centre. Aside from the Moors, the Spanish element predominates in the city in everything from cooking to currency.

It is unfortunate that Tangier's geographical position is such that it is necessary to have the city under international rule. That means, of course, that no single nation is responsible for it, and thus there is no incentive for it to take full advantage of a site and a climate probably unexcelled in the world.

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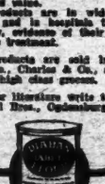

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VAST TREASURE LIES IN 'GOD'S DUMP HEAP'

(Continued from Page 4)

foundland is entitled to is a strip of the coast from Blanc Sablon northward to Hudson's Straits.

Defending her position in the courts, Canada meanwhile is far from idle in the field. In the Summer of 1925 Canada dispatched an expedition under Henri Bellanger to continue the explorations begun by A. P. Low thirty-two years ago. Asked for a report on what had been accomplished, Honoré Mercier, Minister of Lands and Forests, recently replied: "We are not yet in a position to reveal what information was obtained by this expedition last year, but it may be stated that it was most satisfactory and proved to be highly important."

At a time when settlement of the boundary dispute by purchase is a possibility, Canada is naturally in no position to reveal information concerning any wealth the Bellanger expedition may have discovered. The less valuable the territory appears the better bargain she may expect. What would the United States have had to pay for Alaska if Russia had realized the value of it?

Low's Important Discovery

However, it is generally believed that Bellanger completed a satisfactory investigation of the mineral and especially the iron deposits reported by Low in 1895. At a time when iron in more accessible regions is becoming exhausted, Low's discovery becomes increasingly important. Furthermore, it is understood that a preliminary survey was made for a railway to connect Quebec with Hamilton Inlet on the Atlantic. Such a line would be hardly less epochal than the Hudson Bay line to Port Nelson, for which Canada is laying down the last ties this Summer.

Rails would open a country whose mineral wealth, however extensive, would be valueless without such means of conveyance. Also, it is pointed out, a shorter route between Europe and America would be created, since Hamilton Inlet is 450 miles nearer England than is Montreal and 750 miles nearer than is New York. Canada will at last have tied the Atlantic and Pacific by rail and have found the ocean port in the East that she has so long sought.

But more important still is the immense water-power that a railroad would open for development. Canada has made much of her water-power, and this asset becomes increasingly valuable with its application to the aluminum industry. Yet if we except Niagara, most of which is being saved for scenic beauty, we can search in vain from British Columbia to Quebec for a source of power comparable to Grand Falls.

Hardly noticed fifty years ago, today the roar of the mighty cataract thunders across the Lost Peninsula, forcing its attention upon all who would reclaim that vast wilderness for the uses of mankind. Capable of generating 4,300,000 horsepower, the falls could electrify not only the proposed transpeninsular railway but also a large part of Eastern Canada. In a straight line the City of Quebec is less than 500 miles away, and it has been shown that it is economically profitable to transmit electric power this distance.

To make a special survey of the great cataract, the Bellanger expedition, described as the largest ever sent out by the provincial Government, returned to the interior of Labrador last June. This incident has brought the falls to public attention. In some accounts we are told that the cataract is 800 feet high; actually the drop measured by Low is 312 feet, equal to the Lower Yellowstone Falls, though in comparison the latter discharges much less water. The additional power of a 450-foot drop of heavy rapids, beginning five miles above Grand Falls, makes the total possibilities almost incalculable.

At the time of his discovery, John McLean wrote of Grand Falls: "They are surely one of the grandest spectacles in the world." Eighty-eight years later the present writer visited the spot and noted in his journal:

"The ledge on which we stand is so near the torrent that we are often spattered by spray. But at our level the water has already begun its terrific descent, and in order to see the beginning of the drop we must look up twenty feet. There the river looks angrily down at us and would sweep us into space were it not for the mysterious forces of nature which throw the main volume toward the opposite bank at a steep incline.

For miles the Hamilton has gathered speed and momentum for a magnificent display of strength. It is not a phlegmatic river, heedless of its sudden termination, but an enraged stream fully conscious of its fate. When it at last reaches the precipice it does not bend at once to gravitation, but with a mighty leap seizes the air before it can be bowed. And so I feel the ground tremble at the terrific struggle of forces, while the resentful torrent gradually gives way to gravity. Not without a roar that would silence thunder, not without a spiteful explosion of steam that would shame the simultaneous efforts of a hundred thousand boilers does this proud cataract finally give in. Pitshotonau (it steams)! The Indians knew what they were about when they named this."

Truly Virgin Territory

When the writer's party left the Labrador hinterland last Summer, it was truly virgin territory. The Indians had migrated to the coast for the trading season, so that probably no other humans but ourselves and the Bellanger party moved in all that vast wilderness. But it was one of the last years of primeval silence, for when science breaks through the frontiers of a land to reclaim its resources civilization soon follows.

In 1763 the French gave up their rights in North America with little regret, for "Canada was not and never could be of value." But from the Dominion's wilderness of a century ago we find today carloads of wheat, lumber, pulpwood, gold, silver, coal and iron leaving in ever increasing numbers. Likewise Alaska once seemed valueless; but soon gold was found.

And so the idea of reclaiming the Labrador Peninsula seemed absurd thirty years ago. Again that early testimony comes to mind: "Labrador contains nothing whatsoever of value." But if Canada thought so today she would not be contending in the Privy Council for a bigger share. When we watch an expedition preparing the way for a railroad and planning to harness a cataract in the heart of a mineral country, we must feel that the days of forest solitude and Indian sovereignty are numbered.

The frontiers of civilization are breaking. It is the way of all wilderness.

PATCHWORK QUILT RETURNS

(Continued from Page 18)

dull red, with decorations in black and fitted for a light, may also become a decorative addition to a room when care is taken to get just the right lamp-shade. The shades are not, of course, made by the Indians; but a designer, basing his pattern on the motive used in the bowl, can make a decorative unit of bowl and shade that may be just the exotic touch a room needs.

Most of the blankets one sees today are of the Navajo weave. Of these the old ones made fifty years ago or more show, in their thinness, that they were woven for the personal use of the Indian and not for sale. The old-time blankets had to be pliable enough to serve both as an overcoat and a sleeping blanket for its owner, while the modern ones, made to sell to the white man for floor use, are woven much thicker.

In some cases color discloses whether the blanket is an old one or a modern weave. The secret of producing some of the old colors is now lost, and many modern blankets are dyed with mineral dyes. However, a growing number of Indian weavers strive to regain more of the old-time dying methods.

All the designs on Indian blankets have a meaning, although the Indian craftsman today does not always use his patterns in a symbolic way. Even in the blankets made in the past in the traditional spirit the meaning may be clear only to the weaver of the blanket; unless explained the import of the design cannot be understood.

Most of the designs are composed of geometric forms or symbols. An interesting exception is a modern design that, although found in the sand paintings of the Navajos, is seldom seen on their blankets. This is the Yei design, which represents a god of the tribe. At the Museum of the American Indian in New York City is a blanket showing this rare representation woven by the Hopi Indians.

A distinctly modern form of Indian art is the painted picture. These water-colored representations of lances and groups of gayly costumed Indians are drawn in the stiff conventional style of Indian art. Framed in narrow black or dull red, the figures sharply silhouetted on the white paper background, they are cheerful as well as highly artistic bits of wall ornament.

The young artists who are thus carrying on the Indian pictorial art are still swayed by the traditions of their Indian past, and with commendable earnestness stick to their own interpretation of nature. Two of these artists, Awatsireh and Tonita Pana, have already a reputation as depicters of Indian life.

The decorative possibilities of other regalia of the Indians, such as the ceremonial masks, drums, headdresses and brilliantly painted rattles used in their dances, have also been seized upon to furnish a note of barbaric color in decoration. Beadwork, now hard to obtain in the best Indian designs, is another American Indian art full of ornamental possibilities.

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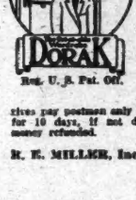

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BLOOD PRESSURE—HIGH AND LOW
By Chester Tilton Stone, M. D.
Giving the causes (Fatty Tissue is only one) of this serious condition, its effects, approved methods of prevention, curative measures.
All stores, $1.50. Postpaid, $1.59.
Allen Ross & Co., 1133 Broadway, N. Y. C.

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Soft summery food is dainty and delicious

—but it is very harmful to our teeth and gums

WHILE summer is here, most of us wisely turn to lighter food—an excellent idea, as every doctor and dietitian will tell you.

But as every dentist will confirm, these dainty tidbits, these soft and crustless sandwiches, these sherbets, vegetables and puddings—so luscious and so tempting—are just as damaging to the health of our gums and teeth as our heavier menu.

For as the dentists point out, all our food is too soft—too deficient in its fibrous content. Little of our food, summer or winter, gives our gums the stimulation so badly needed. And so the tissues grow weak, the gums become tender, and they bleed. They are exposed to that long list of gum diseases today so prevalent.

How soft food breaks down the health of the gums

When the gums are robbed of exercise by our modern food and our habits of hasty eating, the circulation within the gum structure slows down. The capillaries become congested. The gums lose their tonicity and health.

At times they may bleed—and a "pink tooth brush" warns you to seek your dentist and to take steps quickly to ward off further trouble.

How massage and Ipana keep the gums firm and healthy

Your dentist will probably tell you that the first thing to do is to restore the stimulation to the gingival tissues. He will, no doubt, recommend massage—a light frictionizing of the gums. And he will probably advise that the massage be accomplished with Ipana Tooth Paste, after the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush.

Simply brush the gums gently, every square inch of them. This will quicken the circulation within the gum walls, spreading a lively flow of fresh blood to these stagnant tissues.

And use Ipana when you brush them. Ipana will improve the massage, for it contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic, used by many dentists in their treatment of undernourished gums. Our professional men have demonstrated the virtues of Ipana to over 50,000 dentists; in fact, it was professional recommendation that first gave Ipana its start.

So ask your dentist—then switch to Ipana for one month!

Your dentist knows what Ipana can do, what benefits it will bring. After he has spoken the good word for it, get a tube from your drug-store. Massage your gums regularly after each cleaning with Ipana and the brush. If they are too tender at first, begin by rubbing with the finger. Soon you will notice the improvement. Your gums will grow firmer, and more resistant to disease. Your mouth will feel cleaner. Your teeth will become more brilliant.

If you care to mail the coupon, we will, of course, gladly send you the trial tube. But ten days is barely long enough to sample Ipana's cleaning power and delicious taste. Certainly the full-size tube will demonstrate clearly all that Ipana can do in bringing your gums to health and your teeth to brilliant beauty.

IF your gums never seem tender—if your tooth brush never "shows pink," you are to be congratulated. Take every care to keep them healthy. Twice daily brush your gums and teeth with Ipana to keep the circulation active and the teeth clean.

IPANA Tooth Paste

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Kindly send me trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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